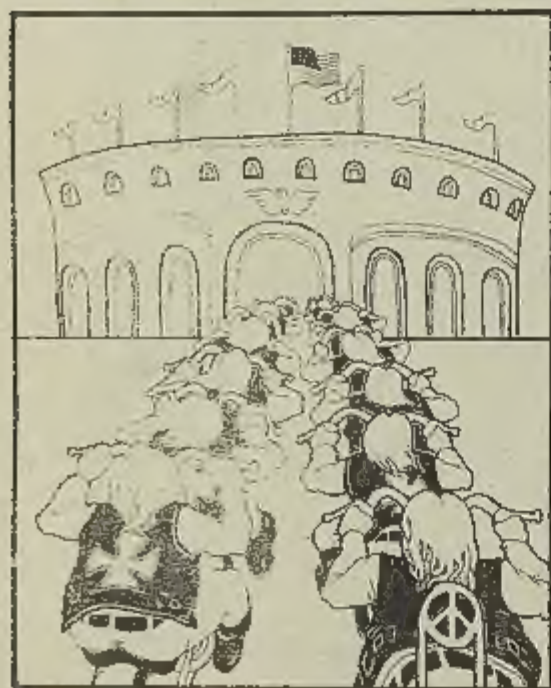
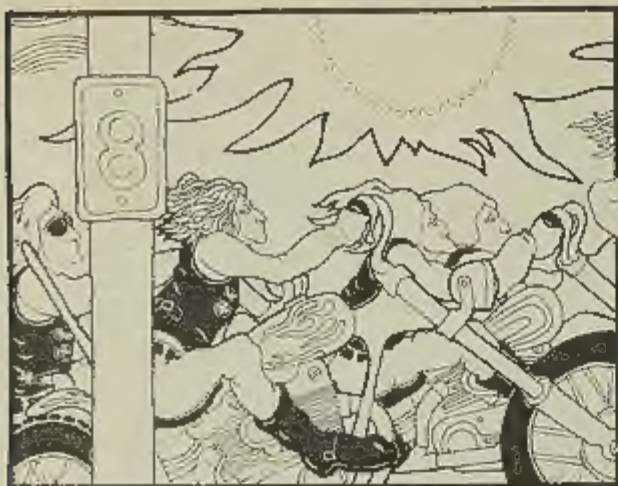
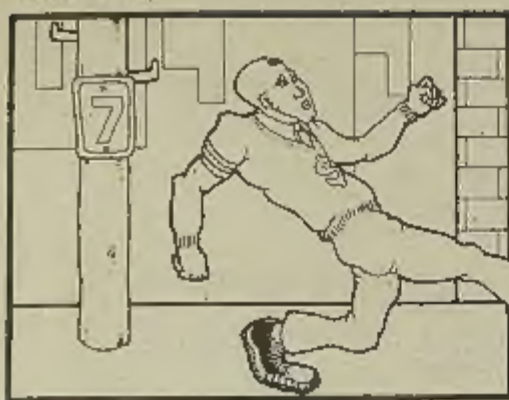


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IT Filth Supp - P 9»14





filipino food-

The cartoons on this page are taken from Ed Badajos' brilliant book 'Filipino Food', published by Olympia at £1.20. Well worth it.



krunch!

BY Nick Landau.

COMICS

Comics distribution is once again in the doldrums. Thorpe and Porter, DCs distributors, have missed out several titles this month, including, unfortunately, the second issue of the new Tarzan mag. It seems likely that either this mag has not been distributed, by error, or that the news that they are distributing it has finally reached their dinosaur brains, and that by adding two and two together, they have realised that they are distributing two completely different Tarzan magazines at the same time, which can't exactly be boosting sales for either. The other is the British bi-weekly issue, which is generally aimed at an infantile level and mainly uses either reprinted Gold Key Tarzan strips (and GK produced Tarzan before DC) or hacked up coloured newspaper strips. (And remember that T&P also do the Tarzan quarterly, the gigantic Tarzan 'paperback', and the ordinary pocket books). The confusion generally lies in the fact that T&P distribute the American comics, and that one of their subsidiaries, Williams, handles the British editions. And

bureaucracy being what it is, no wonder those crazy, mixed up Thorpe and Porterites don't know what they're doing.

OK, so the second Tarzan mag didn't make it to the stands. Well, assuming the latter conclusion reached above to be true, then Korak won't reach the newsagents either, and so the third ERB mag 'Tarzan presents Edgar Rice Burroughs Weird Worlds' although having no English equivalent, would only have a 50% chance of reaching us, since Tarzan does appear on the cover, and no doubt the boys at T&P would think that 'wots on da cover, must a be insoid.' (which would be a wrong conclusion to draw in this case). Unfortunately as it is, though, I suppose that we'll have to face up to the facts, and once again bemoan the loss of another few titles.

The great shame of it is though that, now the Kirby titles have generally been grounded, 'cept for Mr Miracle and the Demon (and Kommandi, which I've got to see) the ERB issues do stand out as being the best of a fairly average bunch, so what will be left to us will be within the realms of mediocrity, and so I've

often voiced inside myself—oh, why, oh, why, can't Lois Lane or Superboy have distribution trouble? It's really not fair, is it?

If DC distribution is worsening, then isn't it only fair to us that Marvel's should improve? It doesn't follow on, of course, but apparently the brains up at World Distributors (Marvel's distributor) are contemplating the idea of bringing over some more Marvel mags, but at this stage, nothing's decided. And then of course we'll have to wait and see what effect the British Marvel comic has on our friends at World; there are so many variables in this distribution game, that all we really can do is wait.

COMIX

Skull is really turning out to be an excellent comic (if you'll accept that as a singular of comix) and the latest issue is no exception. No.4 concentrates on (fine adaptations of the HP Lovecraft stories, and most of the stories are done in a very text-orientated and atmospheric way, which serves to preserve the original story and yet make it very suitable for the graphic form. I fear that a 'Marvel treatment' of these tales could have really cut them to bits, and they could have

turned out far too visual, and then the old Lovecraft mood would have been lost. Also the code would have prevented any of APLs more horrific moments from being seriously represented. As it is, the Skull artists (including Jaxon, Sheridan, Deltch and Arnold) reflected the proper moods of the pieces, without submitting to the sensationalism that is far too often prevalent in the Undergrounds. And I'm very pleased to hear that Skull No.5 will also feature Lovecraft adaptations with Corben returning to its artistic ranks again (Hmmm. Corben on Lovecraft! I'm looking forward to that!).

We'll be seeing a lot more of Bode (pronounced 'body') in the near future too. Two of his Junkwaffel books are already out, and there are at least four more to come; also, his strip 'The Man' (which originally appeared in the ultra-fanzine, Graphic Story Magazine) will be getting a start in its own comic (all are Print Mint publications).

And how about this! Robbie Lawso's and Michael J's Rubber Duck Tales (also Print Mint) features a great take-off on the sex life of Godzilla and his hefty counterparts Leapin' Lizards. What next?

Well, here it is again your page yes, its the Letters! And don't forget, hippies, that should you feel strongly enough about anything to get it together, we are just waiting to hear from you and you alone. By the way, we are still trying to get a "Reader's Photographs" page together, so a final bribe to get those pikkies from you. If you don't send a photograph we'll put your letter at the bottom of the pile! Send to: IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF

PSSST...WANNA HEAR ABOUT MY BUMMER?

Dear IT:

We would like to draw your attention to the protection of the Convention for the Ascension of the Coalition in the position of perdition with relation to the creation of the Nations. In other words there are no other words but those things which are strictly for the birds. I hope this is clear.

In a recent article on a particle of caduce I stated that the obverse was converse to the reverse of this verse, which of course was quite erroneous. I meant instead that the head of bed meant dread to the dead, which should clarify the matter, lightly dipped in butter, 'till it's a little fatter. See?

I hope to remain, Sir, your most obedient servant, provided that I receive at least twenty guineas a week, with holidays every other day, that is every 1000 day except those on which a blue moon appears in the second quadrant of the sky.

Huckster Productions is out to get you. Leave the money in an unmarked leather bag behind the pipes in the third washroom at Victoria Station on Tuesday next at 4 pm.

This letter is the work of a lunatic (Ed—short for Edward). Huckster Books in conjunction with Baggins Books (both subsidiaries of Huckster Productions Inc.) is now producing the greatest literary masterpiece ever written, as yet untitled. — or instructions are to wait with baited breath so start practising your baiting now. The time is not long—prepare yourselves!

I am coming to a sticky end Yeeuchhl! Goodbye

Jim Baggins (Director Huckster Productions)

(WARNING: Jim Baggins is in danger of being relegated to residential proofreader and never allowed near a typewriter again so don't rely on hearing from him again.... Peter Wayland Smith, Managing Director).

Dear IT:

My age is 43 and when it comes to being different in dress I leave all the young men standing.

There is a lot of talk about freaks. I don't see any freaks not compared with myself. My way of dress is the most way out as far as I can see. I wear a silk dressing-gown which has a lovely pattern also quite nice colouring. I wear golden women's belts around my waist which glitter. I also wear women's scarves around my neck which also glitter. I usually wear 4 or 5 of these scarves. I also wear bright coloured socks with shoes that I have made golden with golden spray which is also meant for women. I also have bare legs like a woman. The golden belts around my waist I usually wear four or five of these.

I only dress like this in the summer time. I think the ultimate in being non-conformist in dress is for a man to dress like a woman. The reasons why I say this is because most men are shit-scared of being thought of as queers, they're afraid of being looked at, laughed at, afraid of losing they're silly low paid job and above all they are afraid of being alone. In fact when it comes to dress men is a bigger coward than woman. Long hair for men is no longer enough, because long hair and beads is now commonplace. What we want now is freaked-out dress and nudity. It is very important to be an extreme non-conformist also to have a gun.

The world is a big shit house so why not be different!! The world is a big silly shit house so why not have a gun!!

The people who know most about life are the least fortunate sections of the population who are well read. I am such a person. I know what it is to have all my relatives taken away, also to be in these institutions of coercion. I also know what it is to be reduced to a state of chronic exhaustion and suicidal depression. I also know what it is to read Karl Marx to the point of turning it word for word, also to read all the alternative press papers not to mention a lot of library books.

One of my complaints against alternative press papers is they do not supply people like me with guns. This endless refutation of the capitalist system does not relieve people like myself. To quote from Karl Marx: In the

struggle against this state of affairs intuition is no passion of the head it is the head of passion its object is its enemy which it wants not to refute but to exterminate. —Please stop calling police pigs. The police should be called snakes or shitbags. This expression pigs is most offensive to vegetarians and animal lovers. You know as well as I do that pigs are better than some people.

Yours sincerely
John Edwards Gathercole, 356 Green Lanes, London N4

I forgot to add I do not indulge in vicious and unwise pleasures like I see a lot of the young men doing, meaning smoking and drinking. There is no need for these young people to smoke—they had life much easier than the older people!! I think it is fucking disgusting to see all these young people smoking themselves stinking!!

Dear IT:

I have pondered well before going to this desperate extreme, but I feel that your enlightened ideas as expressed in your magazine might suggest that you or all people could be sympathetic to my plight. My plight is a sexual abstinence forced on me by my attendance at a well known public school. I, at 16, am a virgin, and am desperate for a fuck. I am sure there must be many attractive ladies on your staff with open minds and open legs. I am desperate, so if you know of any young lady who could come to the aid of a 16 year old virgin please tell them to get in touch.

My desperation is such that I have been forced on this last resort to getting a fuck. I'm sure you're all liberated enough to see my plight. But if you have gone bourgeois, or there are no nice young randy ladies on your staff, could you tell me details of your personal ads where I will advertise for a young lady willing to deflower me, giving me details of sex numbers and costs.

My request is sincere and desperate. If you are half as liberated in real life as you are in your magazines I hope you will look favourably on my request. I mean, Christ, you must know some nice randy women. By the way I am not gay, despite my sojourn at

public school.

Yours desperately (in the loins)
PS13

Dear IT:

Man I just had to write you. I have just read IT for the first time and what a fucking good scene it is, you get stuck in a hole like this and it just ain't possible that there are people out there like yourselves who really care about justice and the wrong that the neo-fascists do, the violence is just too fucked up. Every day we read of violence, why the hell don't we all get together and have a revolution or some such crazy move. Man we poor bastards just live among all this lunacy and injustice, we get "stoned to fuck" every two days, you know if we did not do so then I am fucking sure that we'd crack under the strain of all this injustice.

Your mag came as good news, it's good to see some of my views put on paper by FREE people. You have all the support of us in here and good luck and keep 'Right On'.

Love and Peace
Anon, Broadmoor Hospital.

Dear IT:

May we once again invite your readers to send Christmas and New Year greetings to the many victims of apartheid and racism in Southern Africa—the families of political prisoners and detainees, those awaiting trial, the banned and the banished.

Lists with names and addresses are available on request from our office.

Sincerely yours
Abdul S Muntz
Hon Secretary, The Anti-Apartheid Movement, 89 Charlotte Street, London W1P 2DQ Tel 580 5311

At Least Bobby Kennedy Said Thank You

by Paul Krassner

Sirhan ordered the Los Angeles Times every day until recently, when he became depressed by world events. "It's all violence, chaos, unrest," he said. "Whatever happened to the old days, peace and quiet?" —Life Magazine, Jan. 17, 1969

In 1960, at the Comedy Workshop run by George Q. Lewis in a Times Square rehearsal studio, David Frye was doing his impression of Robert Mitchum, and Vaughn Meader was still searching for a gimmick. The election of John F. Kennedy over Richard Nixon postponed Frye's stardom for eight years, but Meader seized the opportunity.

He started combing his hair with a pompadour dipping across his forehead. He consciously regressed to the Boston accent he had previously tried so hard to lose. His record album, *The First Family*, floated to success in that protective limbo between inoffensiveness and irreverence.

When President Kennedy was killed in 1963, Lenny Bruce began a show at the Village Theatre with this opening line: "Vaughn Meader is screwed..."

It was a truism. Meader dropped out, emerging eventually in San Francisco as an involuntary flower child.

He returned to New York in 1968. I invited him to a Yippie meeting. And so Vaughn Meader got involved with politics again.

In February, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and I went to Washington, D.C. on a Yippie mission. Robert F. Kennedy got off the same train. We buzzed around like psychedelic Marx Brothers. After all, Lyndon Johnson was of course expected to run for re-election, and Bobby had said he wouldn't seek the nomination. In return for this favour, LBJ referred to him as "that little shit" at a private barbecue.

Now, as Bobby walked along the station, Jerry said to me, "We've gotta do something."

I remembered that in February 1966 I sent reprints of Eric Norden's article in *Liberation*, "American Atrocities in Vietnam" to every Congressman and Senator. Bobby Kennedy was the only one who had responded.

Abbie simply followed his impulse. From six yards away, he roared: "Bobby! You got no guts!"

On March 31st, Vaughn Meader asked me for some LSD, which I provided. That evening President Johnson—the personification of Unhealthy Ego, yet preferring not to have happen to him what had happened to his predecessor—announced to the surprise of everyone except Lady Bird and those who had really made the decision, that he would not run for re-election.

My phone rang. I answered by saying: "I accept the nomination." It was Vaughn, grateful that he hadn't taken the acid yet. LBJ's news item might have affected the direction of his trip.

In April we held the first official Yippie press conference.

Publicist Mike Goldstein had duped the Americana Hotel into providing a hall under the guise that it was for Judy Collins, who indeed was one of the speakers. She said that we were going to Chicago "for the children."

I pointed out that LBJ's withdrawal from the race didn't change our decision to hold an alternative convention. I mentioned that Bobby Kennedy's rationale for not opposing him was that he didn't want to split the Democratic Party.

"Human life is more important than the Democratic and Republican Parties put together,"—words which I would repeat to the jury a couple of years later as part of my stoned testimony in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial.

A reporter at the press conference asked me why the Yippies weren't supporting Eugene McCarthy. I explained that there was no Yippie party line. Then I criticized the Clean-for-Gene campaign by pointing out that Allen Ginsberg wouldn't have been allowed to ring anybody's doorbell unless he agreed to shave off his beard.

Another reporter asked me, "Would you cut your hair if it would end the war?"

Ginsberg popped up and asked the reporter, "Would you let your hair grow if it would end the war?"

On the evening of June 4th, Robert and Ethel Kennedy had dinner in Malibu with several show-biz folks including Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate. Part of the conversation was about the expanding use of nudity in films. Someone remarked, "I can see the critics now—Kevin Thomas says: 'The direction did not quite match the magnitude of the erection...'"

Then Bobby Kennedy the Candidate went out and got killed.

In New York, Abbie, Jerry and I met with Tom Hayden to follow the news. Tom already had on his bedroom wall a framed telegram inviting him to the funeral of Martin Luther King. Now he would hang alongside that a framed telegram inviting him to the funeral of Bobby Kennedy.

The telegrams remain on his wall as a twin memorial to Tom Hayden's respectability.

Hank Messick, in his book *Lansky*, wrote:

"(Meyer) Lansky first heard of young Richard Nixon in 1940. At Duke University where he studied law, Nixon was something of an introvert. He read love stories instead of dating girls and dreamed of becoming an FBI man. When J. Edgar Hoover turned down his application he opened a law practice in Whittier, California, a suburb of Los Angeles and was named police prosecutor.

"Bugsy Siegel had his headquarters in Los Angeles and had a keen interest in all things relating to crime, police and courts. In 1940 Nixon married, but his restlessness grew. According to his biographer,



J. Edgar Hoover, who recently died of an overdose of natural causes.

Illustrations by Geoffrey Latona

Earl Mazo, 'During a brief trip to Cuba he spent a bit of his vacation time exploring the possibilities of establishing law or business connections in Havana.'

"The circumstances can be dismissed as a coincidence. The fact that Lansky's partner bossed crime in California and that in Cuba Lansky himself sat at the right hand of Batista (the U.S.-supported dictator who was overthrown by Fidel Castro's forces a couple of decades later) may mean nothing. Yet Whittier is a long way from Havana for a young lawyer in search of new connections."

On August 2, then District Attorney Evelle Younger stated: "If irresponsible sources suggest through the news media the existence of a national or international conspiracy, responsible law-enforcement authorities ought to be allowed to discredit the purported claims."

Robert Kaiser in his book *R F K Must Die* wrote: "But of course no one had made any serious claims about a conspiracy. What Younger wanted (it was an open secret around the courthouse) was free rein to comment on the Sirhan case before trial and thereby gain the kind of national publicity that would further his own political ambitions."

There is currently pending a

lawsuit against Younger for conspiracy to suppress evidence in that case. He is already Attorney General of California. He would like to be Attorney General of the United States. He was considered as a potential replacement for FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who recently died of an overdose of natural causes.

He has been replaced by Patrick Gray, the man who called off an investigation of the murder of Los Angeles Times reporter Ruben Salazar during a Chicano anti-war demonstration.

Bobby Kennedy supposedly told Mark Lane that if he became President he would appoint as Attorney General Jim Garrison, the New Orleans district attorney who was smeared in his attempt to investigate the assassination of JFK. It's a fact that when Bobby was killed, he was himself in the process of investigating how Richard Nixon actually got into power.

"In any case, with the war approaching, there was little opportunity for either Nixon or Lansky in Havana. But people had their eyes on the young lawyer. Before the war ended, he was tapped to run for Congress. Murray M. Chotiner, later to be involved in a messy scandal concerning influence peddling and a man who represented top

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Gull in stock are old Red Lightnin' favourites R.L. 002/4/5. (Hooker/Collins/Blues in 'D') Also all 5 Syndicate Chapter issues available (All prices as above)

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gangsters, was one of those who helped select Nixon.

"Later, Mickey Cohen, the man who succeeded Siegel in the West, was to boast that he and assorted mobsters gave money and other aid to Nixon in the early stages of his political career."

Since Lansky owns most of Miami, the switching of the Republican Convention this year from San Diego is merely the act of political power—the Lansky Crime Syndicate—shifting its weight while straddling America with one foot in California, the other in Florida, and a decaying scrotum hanging over Texas, busy pretending that its balls are bi-partisan.

Further on, Messick says that, as his brother's Attorney General, Robert Kennedy's Organized Crime Drive "had picked up Lansky's trail in the Bahamas and in Las Vegas when, suddenly, in 1963 President Kennedy was murdered in Dallas. Under President Johnson, the pressure slackened somewhat. Lansky was still worried about

Robert Kennedy, however, but that danger ended in 1968 when another bullet ended the life of the syndicate's most dangerous foe."

Ironically, Abigail Folger, a few months before she herself was stabbed to death by Katie Krenwinkel under the careless supervision of Tex Watson, expressed her concern about the implications of an article by Floyd B Nelson in the Los Angeles Free Press, particularly this survey:

"To know there are too many bullets [fired in the kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel where Bobby Kennedy was shot], one actually only has to count them. Just count the actual bullets—in the places where they were found—not the wounds, nor the bullet holes in the clothing. Just the bullets:

"One recovered (in fragments) from Kennedy's head. (Good Samaritan).

"One recovered from the back of Kennedy's neck. (Good Samaritan).

"One recovered (in fragments)

from Paul Schrader's head (Kaiser).

"One recovered (in pieces) from Elizabeth Evans' forehead. (Huntington).

"One recovered from left side of abdomen of William Weisel. (New York).

"One recovered from left thigh of Ira Goldstein. (Encino).

"One recovered from lower left leg of Irwin Stroll. (Midway).

"Two recovered from center divider, pantry doors. (Clemente photograph).

"One recovered from door-frame of door back of stage. (Wire Service photo).

"TOTAL: Ten bullets fired from an eight-shot revolver."

In February of this year, at the University of Missouri's 4th Annual Robert F Kennedy Memorial Symposium in Kansas City, Ed Sanders was introducing a song he had written about Bobby. "In the course of my research in Los Angeles, he said, it became evident that Robert Kennedy was killed by a group of people including Sirhan."

Sirhan."

In his book *The Family* he'd written: "It is possible that the Process had a baleful influence on Sirhan Sirhan since Sirhan is known, in the spring of '68, to have frequented clubs in Hollywood in the same turf as the Process was proselytizing. Sirhan was very involved in occult pursuits. He has talked several times subsequent to Robert Kennedy's death about an occult group from London which he knew about and which he really wanted to go to London and see."

Now the Process was suing and pursuing Ed. I had never seen him so shaken. He ordered a full vegetarian dinner and then couldn't eat any of it. He was having trouble sleeping. He mumbled things to himself occasionally as though they were marginal notes describing his state of depression.

I recalled how cheerful he had been four years ago at that Yippie press conference when he was just one of the Fugs. In the carpeted hallway of the

Americana, as a follow-up to that reporter's question about cutting my hair, we had played a game of how open one might be to self-sacrifice in the pursuit of peace.

Ed won with this question: "Would you go down on a terminal leper if it would end the war?"

Certainly Vaughn Meader would. His new comedy album is called *The Second Coming*.

As for David Frye, he's on the Johnny Carson show doing his impression of—Lyndon Johnson! Not Richard Nixon, because "he's got enough problems". Vaughn Meader may have been screwed when President Kennedy was killed, but David Frye isn't even waiting for Nixon's death before he stops doing his impression of him.

Did you know that the people who really run this country have been planning the assassination of President Nixon so that martial law could be declared?

FREE MUSICAL COMMUNICATIONS CORNER

NASTY NITE OUT: Fancy a Nasty Nite Out at The Harrow Inn, Abbey Wood, next Friday October 6th? Witness the return of the Pink Fairies, sporting new guitarist Mick Wayne. With them will be Pete Barden's (remember Them?) now band Camel. The Nasty Tales crew would like to thank the Pink Finks and the social secretary of Hatfield Polytechnic for postponing their gig to another date in the near future. Cheers jock! Remember if you come along you'll not only have a good nite out but you'll be supporting the Nasty Tales Defence Fund in their forthcoming tussle with the Longford lads.

BASS player into "Mountain" type sounds seeks other musicians into same, phone Arthur 01 990 1230

REALITY Studio Workshop is having an all-day rock concert one Sunday in November. Will any bands who would be willing to play (no pay but some publicity) please write to Val c/o Aberdeen Park, Highbury, London N5 "as soon as possible please"

BEARS BREATH, bleedin' great Walthamstow band will knock you about with the sheer stench of halitosis. You may hear 'em if the bears bad breath don't get to yer first.

FRUSTRATED flautist, 100 watt gear, transport, writes originally. Phone Magill-Hartfield 465 or Adrian Barnett for Magill after 23 September, 01 228 0864

BEARS BREATH "Hi Fox yer old cunt" are poverty stricken, in great need of amps, PA, mikes, mike stands, drugs, whores and some black soap polish for the lead singer. "Niggers sing best". Write in 68 Coolgardie Avenue, Highgate Park, London E4

REHEARSAL room to let from noon-5 pm £2 per hour. Money goes to the adventure playground for mentally handicapped to buy equipment. Includes kitchen, bathroom and toddlers peeing pool. Contact Deborah 01 352 1037

MAGIC MUSCLE, fantastic, amazin' Bristol rockband, see them on tour with Hawkwind, see 'em do the Bristol Stomp.

UITARIST with Vox/Fender gear, wishes to start up amateur band around Manchester area, anything from electric folk to funky rock. ESP in search of drummer, vocalist (male or female). Contact Stan, 22 Trafalgar Street, Ashton-under-Lyne.

Don't be shy of a 3p stamp, write to "The Free Musical Communications Corner" c/o IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF and feel free to advertise yourself, your guitar, amplifiers, rehearsal rooms, names and addresses of agencies, ready formed bands who can't find work, benefit gigs (only), unusual group practices, in fact absolutely anything to do with the development of people's music within our society with aims of strengthening it. All ads printed free. No box nos. OK? Dat's all for now, BOSS.

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"There is no way not to love this album."

TEXAS CANNONBALL



NEWS?

ROCHDALE: Rochdale Drug Squad have acted with zeal and efficiency to prevent the 'colonisation' of the town's Ashfield Valley district by freaks who had begun to move into flats and bedsits in the area. Several weeks of stopping, questioning and searching on the street anyone with long hair—and strip-searching in public if the victim was 'Known' for drug offences—have had the desired (for the police) effect. Most of the hangers have dispersed to other parts of town, many of them back living at home. (Mole Express)

LONDON: Radio Free London needs people interested in radio (or just communication).

RFL last broadcast at Xmas for 53 hours non-stop to audiences in London, Home Counties and as far as Nottingham. We want to repeat this every week and can do this if we get the help: we need a complete new team. Anyone with electrical engineering experience willing to give up weekends is impossible to find? We need people to help run a radio station, people with organisation, people willing to give up 2 days a week, people with cars.

The Xmas broadcast cost over £200 to stage; weekly broadcasts cost about £10-£5.

This is an alternative sound station, not providing pop but

rock, poetry, news, documentaries, etc. These programmes cost a lot of money to produce as well as put out, therefore we need advertising (at Xmas we had 15000 listeners).

We have to have places to broadcast from—we cannot transmit from the same place twice in too short a time. Houses, flats, etc., with a roof access desperately needed.

With your help, and if we find some money, RFL will be back on Oct 28th.

Radio Free London, 10 Holywell Avenue, Witley Bay, Northumberland.

CARDIFF: A Welsh political prisoners defence committee has been formed to safeguard the rights of all Welsh political prisoners. The committee first decided to mount a campaign of protest at the condition of imprisonment of John Jenkins, the Welsh Nationalist, who was in 1970 sentenced to 10 years imprisonment for causing explosions in Wales. John Jenkins, who is now serving his sentence in Albany Prison, Isle of Wight, has been on a hunger strike for the past 25 days as a protest against the decision of the prison authorities to stop allowing him Welsh newspapers and periodicals and letters and visitors, except from those of his family.

LONDON: Three months hard work went up in smoke when children set fire to the Friends of the Earth warehouse at Wilman Grove, Hackney, during the afternoon on Sunday September 10th.

Inside was the newspaper generously donated by local residents and collected by FOE volunteers for re-cycling. It was sorted and stacked ready to be delivered to paper mills in Scotland the following week.

This was the final mishap in a series of events. Since leasing the warehouse from Hackney Borough Council three months ago, FOE have had to contend with various break-ins that included a gang of children who scattered paper far and wide, and a thief who made off with valuable scrap metal and antique picture frames.

Only six weeks ago one of the FOE cans was also wrecked by children, and the fire brigade was called when it appeared they would be successful in their attempts to burn it.

Now, instead of having increased finances with which to fight the many environmental problems threatening this Earth, FOE are faced with a large clean-up bill. This, for an organisation that depends mostly on voluntary contributions, is a big step backwards.

Although the re-cycling centre will still be functioning at 59 Skinner Street in Islington, FOE feel this might be an appropriate time to re-think their approach to the campaign, and would like perhaps to co-ordinate their

efforts with a forward-looking council.

LONDON: The GEC are currently considering the Greasy Truckers' plans for the building in Silchester Road. They will not know the result until sometime in October. To get any further they need something in the region of £10,000 to do the work on the building. Their current reality is a £50 overdraft. The album will be bringing in some money but they have not got it yet, and they do not know how much it is. For every thousand albums sold they get £100.

Not enough people went to the Putrucks initially, resulting in a £240 loss. Just when it started breaking even there was an official ban on the concerts being held in that venue. They have had no other source of bread except for the initial money raised at the Round House which has been spent on getting it together (album advertising, Putrucks, etc.).

They have had all kinds of support from such established bands as the Brinsleys, Hawkwind, and Man down to relative newcomers such as Munch, Robbie Hannam, Goblin and loads of others. (Thank you all). If it were not for this kind of support the Truckers would be nowhere. But it is still not enough, they need you to support their gigs. (Best things are a Benefit at the Electric on September 6th with some nice music films, Moon 69, and a mystery feature film, and a concert at the Round House

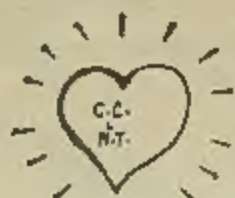
on September 24th with Man, Stackridge, and many other nice things).

The Truckers have to make the building reach the necessary requirements as it is not their money they are spending but everybody's. It would be a real drag if the building fucked up due to constant hassles with the authorities. At the moment the building is semi-derelict and the bread needed covers the minimum requirements only, that are needed to get planning permission and a GLC licence (fire, heating, lighting, exits, etc.).

What the Truckers want to see out of this is a good regular rock venue in our locality (Notting Hill), providing feed-back for other worthwhile activities such as a playground which could develop into a larger project. It will be a useful hall for various groups to meet, a cheap accessible place for benefits, a space to rehearse, a good relaxed place to meet your friends with a coffee bar and sounds.

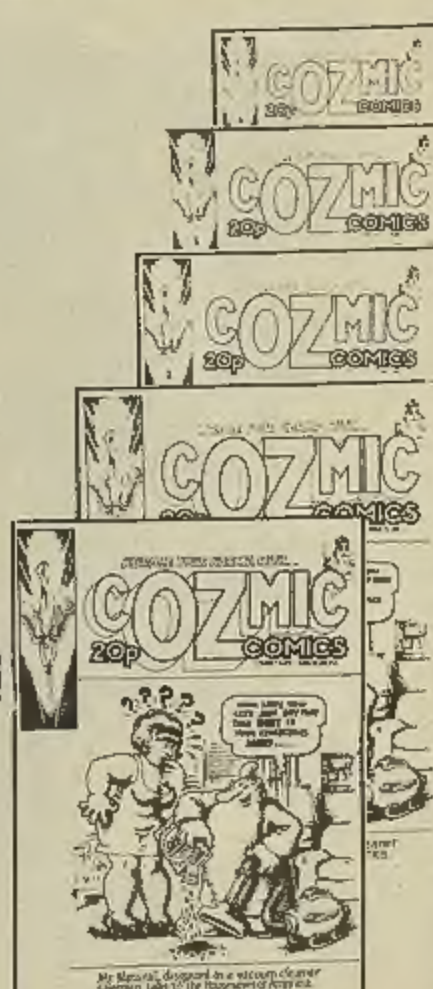
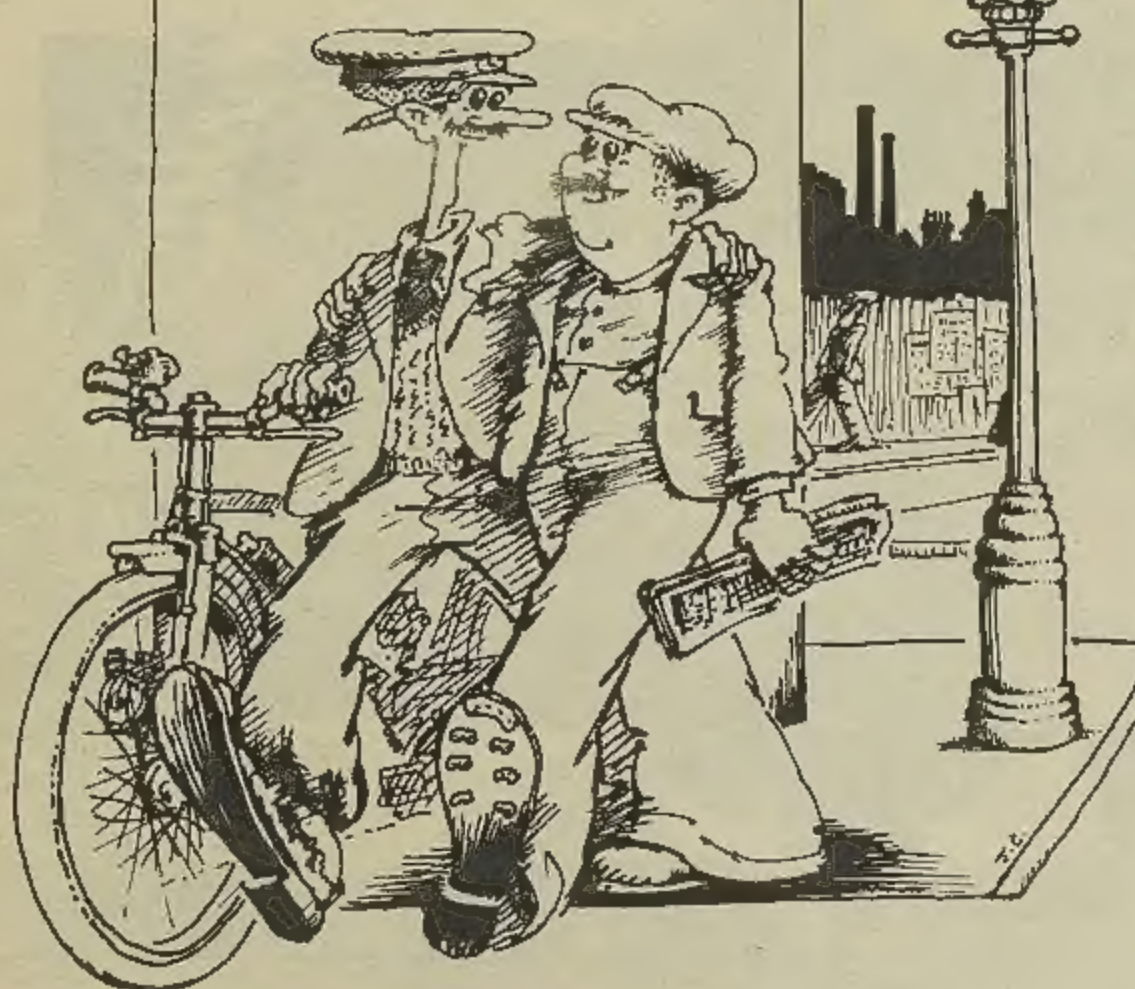
LONDON: Soho, as any respectable police office knows full well, is no fit place for a person to wander at night. These days, however, the police's way of communicating friendly cautions seems to have gone a little amuck. Two fiendishly eager Vice-Squad detectives have taken to dragging (at random) taxi-drivers from all-night cafes, interrogating them lengthily in the street, and telling curious bystanders to, er, Fuck Off. Zeal's one thing; indecent language quite another.

ISSUE NO2 OUT NOW!



KUURDLE YOUR KARMA WITH...

COZMIC COMICS
20p
SORRY KIDS - ADULTS ONLY



My Marvellous, designed by a vacuum cleaner salesman, taken to the House of Commons.

UNCLE CHUCKLE'S PUD PAGE

Anyone with any nice recipes they'd like to see in this column then yer old Uncle Chuckles would love to hear from you. Write Uncle Chuckles, c/o IT, etc....

MUSTARD SAUCE

2 tablespoons dry mustard
1 teaspoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup evaporated milk, or cream
½ cup sugar
1 egg yolk (beaten thick)
½ cup vinegar

Mix together mustard, flour and ½ cup of evaporated milk. Heat in a saucepan ½ cup evaporated milk and ½ cup sugar. Stir in the mustard mixture and add egg yolk, cook until thick stirring continuously then stir in ½ cup of heated vinegar.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOUR AILMENTS

1. INSANITY

Jethro Kloss recommends you dose up with: catnip, peppermint, rosemary, rue, vervain, wood betony, holy thistle, scullcap and watch out for the straight jacket.

2. INFLUENZA

Indian hemp, peppermint, white pine, poplar.

3. BOREDOM

Uncle Chuckles recommends: cocaine, LSD, smack, cannabis resin, mandrax, morphine, nitrous oxide, librium, amyl nitrite, mescaline and so on and so on and so on.

MARROW SOUP

1 small marrow
1 onion
2 ozs butter
2 ozs cornflour
1 ½ pints milk of cow
½ pint white stock or water

Peel the marrow, remove seeds and cut into slices. Put it, with chopped onion into a saucepan, cover with stock and simmer gently until soft. Put through a sieve and add milk to the resultant puree. In another saucepan, melt the butter, stir in cornflour and allow to thicken. Add the puree very gradually, stirring the whole time until it comes to the boil. Season and simmer for about 8 minutes.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups sugar
½ cup top of milk or thin cream
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
2 ozs unsweetened chocolate or
4 tablespoons cocoa
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put sugar, top of milk, corn syrup and chocolate in a heavy saucepan. Heat moderately until chocolate melts, always stirring to stop from burning. Remove from heat and add without stirring the butter. Allow to stand until almost cold and add vanilla. Beat until the fudge is no longer glossy and is thick and creamy. Pour into a slightly buttered pan about 8" x 14". Mark into squares and cool before eating.

NUT FUDGE

Before pouring into pan add ½ to 1 cup broken nut meats.

SOUR CREAM FUDGE

Use sour cream in place of milk and butter.

MARSHMALLOW FUDGE

Before pouring into pan, add 12 marshmallows cut into pieces with wet scissors.

(The Fannie Merritt Farmer Boston Cooking School Cookery Book)

KUMQUATS

Eat, skin and all. Sliced kumquats are a pretty garnish on a fruit cup or salad.

SOME SALMON LOAF

2 cups flaked, cooked or canned salmon
½ cup fine bread crumbs
4 tablespoons butter
2 eggs
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
some chopped onion, green pepper or celery
Salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce to taste

Slightly beat the eggs, mix all ingredients together and place in a buttered baking dish. Bake at 350° until firm (about 30 minutes). Serve hot with mustard sauce.

SAM SPASKIES SON'S SOY PATTIES

2 cups soybean pulp
2 cups natural brown rice (cooked)
2 tablespoons vegetable fat
1 onion
1 tablespoon soy sauce
½ teaspoon sea salt

Chop onion fine, mix all ingredients thoroughly together, make into patties with your bare hands and roll in whole wheat bread crumbs and bake in a greased pan until brown, or warm in a frying pan, but do not fry.

EAST HAM JACK'S BREAD & BUTTER PUDDING

Fill a 2" deep container with slices and bits of bread. Remove and butter. Layer bottom of container with buttered bread, sprinkle with sugar and suetans, repeat layers until full. Find enough milk to ¾ fill the container and beat in 1 egg for every ½ pint, pour mixture into container over bread. Place in oven at 250° and bake for an hour. Ta Jack.



Pornocratic Oaf

BY Jonathon Green

"I would rather my child see a stag film than the Ten Commandments or King of Kings—because I don't want my kids to kill Christ when he comes back. That's what they see in those films—that violence."

—Lenny Bruce

It was all a bit of a laugh at first. Forty or fifty assorted people of greater and lesser importance in the various branches of public life getting together to add another chapter to that popular pastime: Probing Porn. It all began when sixty-five year old Irish peer and Catholic convert since the age of 34, Frank Pakenham, Lord Longford rose in the House of Lords to announce to the assembled nobility that a foul tidal wave of filth was even at this very moment engulfing the fair land of Britain. He had noticed certain sinister pointers: Oh Calcutta, the flashers revue that 'shocked' Londoners with its display of naked flesh and prurient language; the continual failure of prosecutions against allegedly obscene books—Lady Chatterly's Lover and Last Exit to Brooklyn—the lack of what he felt was adequate cinema censorship—how otherwise could a film like 'Beyond the Valley of the Dolls' have been smirched the public screen. Yes, the whole fabric of society was under seige from the smut and its vile peddlars.

And he had his supporters. Trevor Huddleston, arriving back after eight years in Africa, announced: "I love England, but the moment I came back I felt that things had gone desperately wrong. I think the country is very sick indeed." Lord Eccles had already commented on February 3 1971: "I do not believe we can cleanse the permissive society by fresh laws, but only by accepting the challenge to provide the public with enough material of a high standard..." He rejected the imposition of censorship but noted that Arts Council money should be restricted from those who might plan to use it for what was considered 'obscenity'. In March 1971 England finally caught up with a growing American trend—the Jesus Revolution. Peter and Janet Hill, a young couple recently home from the East, set out to bring this country back from the Pit. They began an organisation which culminated six months later in the Nationwide Festival of Light. As the flames were fanned by the prosecution of OZ and the Little Red Schoolbook, pornography and obscenity became the media staples of the day. And Lord Longford's unofficial Commission of Enquiry into Pornography was just what was needed.

Everyone who fancied a free ride to heaven and a good bit of publicity thrown in turned to help scourge the filth. Cliff Richard and Jimmy Savile jumped niftily onto the bandwagon, purity and piety oozing from every well-reported word. Malcolm Muggeridge, a man whom in an interview ten years earlier in the Oxford University newspaper Cherwell had spent half a column of print reminiscing with obvious delight over his juvenile sexlife, and who has continued the process in a recent autobiography, joined the crusade. There is nothing sadder than a frustrated old man, jealous of the young, who has to vent his choleric absurdities on them since he's patently unable to form any other relationship with those of more energetic years. St Mug took up the banner of the Lord, and his immaculately tortured syllables gathered to fight the good fight. One member of the committee,

of which most of the members had some prior friendship with Longford, was a housewife, Sara Binney. Sufficiently attractive to please picture editors all over the country, she had written in to the good Lord requesting that her views be taken into consideration. They duly were, and in the field of broadcasting her revelations of the Red Plot which controls the BBC came as news to many. One notable exception to the ranks of the righteous was Mrs Mary Whitehouse, supreme of the Viewers and Listeners Association. Involved in the selection of the commission, she kept her nose, for a change, out of its operations. Otherwise, she declared, "it would make it look as if the enquiry had already made up its mind."

If there was ever any doubt that what conclusions this enquiry would reach were to put it mildly foregone, they must have speedily vanished.

The essential status of the committee was that it was not a Government appointed inquiry, rather a body of individuals, admittedly from diverse backgrounds and occupations, who were linked by their mutual concern about what they saw as a tide of filth that was corrupting the nation. The Home Office were appealed to for some form of official backing. It was not forthcoming. The Archbishop of Canterbury must have disappointed the zealots when he failed to come out wholeheartedly in favour of the Enquiry. The press, naturally, loved every moment of the undertaking, and no more so than when Longford and a picked few of the faithful advanced on that ultimate in Sin Cities, Copenhagen, for a peek at the

Danish scene, where porn is legal. Poor Lord Longford, he went along to a 'live show' only to discover that the voluptuous cutie fancied a piece not only of her stage partner, but of the noble probler too. It was, as he underlined at a press conference to launch the Report, the most horrific and disgusting aspect of the investigation. The Mirror, front-paging his new nickname, Lord Porn, a name that has lasted ever since, said this in their leader column: "Lord Longford will be 66 on December 5 in this year of our Lord. NO CHICKEN. He has held seven offices with varying distinction in Labour Governments since 1945. NO FOOL. His SINCERITY is beyond doubt. Yet he is exhibiting himself to the puzzled public as a man who is sensorially foolish... All he has achieved as the self-appointed Chairman of a self-appointed Commission into the Nation's Morals is to make pornography front-page news..." The Mirror, never one to leave its own front pages blank, had naturally helped that to happen. But they continued with a mention for one of his supporters: "The name is Peregrine Worsthorne. An exotic name for an erotic subject. And to whom is he speaking? To the readers of the Sunday Telegraph. Which is the sabbath version of the Daily Telegraph, a newspaper read, because of its custom of reporting sin in depth, by the country's more fastidious voyeurs..." The Mirror leaderwriter's tongue must have been well embedded within his cheek after that, but his punchline was superb. "Protecting the young in Britain is more important than playing Hamlet in Denmark. But to pretend that London is Sodom and Birmingham is Gomorrah is overdoing it

a bit." Lord Porn weathered the Danish storm and carried on the good works. His commission probed, read, interviewed, assimilated, sounded off and generally wound its way through the subsequent twelve months. The flash in the pan insidiousness of the Festival of Light stole a proportion of its thunder, but the Jesus Freaks soon left the front pages and the TV slots. Finally, fifteen months after the Commission had been established, just a couple of weeks ago, the Commission revealed all.

The launch proved itself as cack-handed as the founding of the Commission. An embargo on the facts was broken all along Fleet Street and the world knew of what Lord Porn had said by the morning of the day in which he hadn't intended to speak until lunchtime. The wind taken sharply from his sails, his press conference was depressingly flat. Everyone knew what he was going to say. It was all duly said.

The first thing to be said of the Report itself is that its every page reflects the basic makeup of the Commission: a bunch of desperate individuals.

There is no cohesion, minimal statistics, a cavalier disregard for impartial analysis of the subject in favour of personal statements, oozing the emotions and biases of the persons concerned. All fine and dandy, if there happen to be biases equally strong in an opposed direction. But one thing links the various views, they all loathe and ultimately fear porn. Not of course that they ever achieve anything as simple as a definition of the word, which incidentally means 'the writing of whores' (if only literary ones). We are offered all manner of diversions, back references, parallels and so on but no-one seems able, to put it bluntly, of really knowing what it is they're talking about.

That, naturally, has never hampered anyone who wants to talk anyway. And as one makes one's laborious way through more than 500 pages of text, various threads begin to emerge. An obsession with the Nazi use of pornography. Every where one is assailed with this fact, nobody manages to point out another salient fact about the Nazis, they rank among the greatest exponents of literary censorship this or any other century has known. The way the truth and light by which pornography may be wiped out is distinctly a Christian-based way, truth and light. There is one 'Jewish View', but it takes about a page and a half, does not actually condemn porn with the messianic certainty of most of the Christians in the book, and can be glossed over with speed. As far as the rest of the world, or even the many other religions whose members are also inhabitants of this country, they can, one must assume, be allowed to fall prey to the Demon Filth. WASPs first and the devil will certainly take the hindmost. The whole report hinges around the half-truth, the throwaway statistic which appears conveniently out of context, the quote, for instance Martin Luther King talking about black America's struggle against police repression, stripped of its original meaning and given a new role, trying to deceive us into hearing great liberals coming out in favour of repression.

These faults are general, but when one comes down to specifics, then the fears begin to increase. A Special Prize must be awarded to the hubby 'n wife due of Kingsley Amis ('Lucky Jim') and Elizabeth Jane Howard, whose personal section ends with the following recommendations: "1. The creation of an X-category of books... to include all material unsuitable for children. (Not unsuitable because of anything; just

Scenes from the Revolution, No.1



unsuitable). 2. Publishers to submit books that might fall into this category to a Board of Censors, who would decide whether such a book should have an X-mark placed on it or be passed for unrestricted sale. 3. The Board to be selected on some form of jury system rather than by their possession of 'expert knowledge'... 4. Books given an X-mark not to be put on general sale, but sold under licence in a special shop... And so on. Its illegal to sell X-books, the police and public can submit any book they want to the Board. It's a frightening licence to censor.

As might be expected the gem of the report is the section on Broadcasting, or, as it is classified elsewhere in the one dissenting opinion in the report, that of Frank Gillard, 'the Muggeridge Report.' As acidulously literate as ever, Malcolm minces a little nearer to God with this tirade against the Red menace that is sweeping the BBC.

Aided by his disciple Sara Binney, who gives vent to such statements as 'This sort of lofty disdain for ordinary human morality is only possible where an institution is not answerable to the public in the last resort. Nor is there anything new in the disparagement of moral values. The only difference is that Hitler used to say that conscience was a Jewish invention while the BBC mention it is a Christian one.' So much, Charles Curran, for that 'Auntie' image. To think of it, children, Uncle Mac, the guide of our infant ears, is a thin disguise for a new Goubbels, and Toytown no more than a surrogate Nuremberg. You have been warned. St Mug gives the red/nazi plot his own imprimatur throughout and castigates the Corp accordingly. The use of the word 'fuck' by Ken Tynan was, we discover, no more or less than a dastardly premeditated publicity catching conspiracy. Those who complain against the BBC are subjected by that arch criminal Robert Robinson to a third degree standard of ridicule on those vicious ten minutes of Points of View. Messrs Worsthorpe, Richard and Savile helped prepare this momentous ripping open of the snakepit of lies and red propaganda that is the BBC. One can only hope that natural rectitude will prohibit them from appearing on so perverse a medium ever again.

The cinema, the theatre and advertising were all found to be capable of reform and, indeed one felt that whenever the probers were unable to point out some ghastly example of a boy who happened to pass a sexshop and was then compelled, utterly forced to rape seventeen nuns, they were rather disappointed and would have preferred some horror stories. It was of course mentioned that if the alternative press and similar publications refused to accept the Code of Advertising Practice irrespective of sex ads, then legislation would be brought in to force them to knuckle



under. Where the campaign picked up again was in the realm of books and magazines, especially girlie or tit mags. Men Only and Club International, Forum and In Depth, all are metaphorically torn to shreds. That perennial, and no doubt heinous allegation, that our boys in blue might just be taking a little tip here and there to keep off the porn shops is stepped gingerly around. There remains the widespread allegation, which it would be disingenuous to shirk, that some members of the police forces have allowed themselves to

become altogether too lenient to pornographers in return for various inducements. It would be wrong to say that no allegations to this effect have been laid before us. But neither have we been convinced of widespread corruption... We have no doubt that the leaders of the police forces will be more anxious than anyone to make sure that the slightest taint, or suspicion of a taint, be eradicated. Fine stuff, gentlemen. The excuses department of the Yard's Press Office could hardly have bettered that.

One can go through the Report chapter by chapter or even page by page and enumerate its hypocrisies, its inconsistencies, its half truths. The American Commission on Pornography is side-stepped as neatly as are allegations against the police. The fact that it demanded the repeal of every anti-porn statute on the books is glossed over. Nixon's carping at it, and his inevitable rejection of its findings is made the central point in its discussion.

Perhaps the best summation of the blemishes in the Report come from one of its own members. Mr Frank Gillard is an ex-BBC executive of 30 years experience and a practising Christian. Although his dissenting opinion is specifically based around Muggeridge's steamrolling of the Broadcasting Committee, even a superficial reading of the whole work reveals that his remarks are valid throughout. It appears that the attendance of all members of the Commission, for the most part people busy in their specific job, was sporadic. As far as broadcasting goes there were no meetings with many key people in the profession, or with critics of long standing. Doubtless this holds true for the other sections.

Muggeridge alleges that public dissatis action with the BBC is on the increase. Research has proved this point to be totally inaccurate. And possibly the point that could serve as negator to the entire Report: '... the question so often put by Lord Longford himself and others—'Why does the BBC not take a moral stand?' I find the question difficult to understand unless it means 'why does the BBC not take the precise moral stand that I prescribe?' This self-appointed Commission over our Morals and our media is never better summed up, nor its faults so accurately delineated. If they can attack so called pornographers for monopolising the media against our will, they forget that anyone has the option not to watch the film, read the book, or buy the magazine. This bunch of self-righteous moralisers would not give us the option if their new obscenity bill, which defines obscenity as 'If its effect, taken as a whole, is to outrage contemporary standards of decency or humanity accepted by the public at large' (surely even more of a blanket definition than the present tendentious 'deprave and corrupt') were passed into law. The statute book does not have a convenient switch by which its pronouncements can be turned off and ignored. Like the councils who are tearing down people's homes where a modicum of individuality was preserved, and consigning them like so many packs of mass produced washing powder to the vast anonymity of tower blocks, so the Longford Report seeks to process our morals into one homogenous lump. God, in whose name so much of this report claims to speak, help us from that.

THE OBSCENITY REPORT

For the first time, condensed into one volume, you can find three of the most searching reports on obscenity and pornography. These government sponsored reports from Great Britain, the USA, and Denmark provide an interesting and convincing alternative to the latest controversial conclusions from Lord Longford and his colleagues.

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THE OLYMPIA PRESS



WANKER'S PAGE

In sympathy with that extraordinarily silent and long-suffering majority, IT devotes page 11 of its sixth birthday issue to these exquisite Form Studies by Roger Hughes. As they told us at school: You never have to buy your right hand a drink



'Standards of decency & humanity'

And if the Longford recommendations DID become law? asks Alan Coren.

The manager of the Dolly and Skipper Shoepark, Oxford Street, W1, read store of the chain, shoppiece of the company, assembled his staff on the Monday morning. In the ballbearing eye, an uncharacteristic tear shone, he lubricating oil.

"This store is to close down from five p.m. today," he said.

The staff gasped, some sobbed, one or two of the younger salesgirls dropped to the deep pile, and lay there, still. A senior floor-walker wrung his cream hands.

"Why?" he cried. "Are we not the foremost shoe-store in all Europe? Are our profits not the largest, our ranges not the widest? How have we offended Head Office?"

"It is not HO," muttered the manager, bitter. "It is the law. It appears that men have been seen looking in our windows, with no intention of purchasing. They have been staring at wedges, at high heels, at wet-soak boots. Some have had their hands in their 'raccoon socks'."

"Our shoes are for feet," cried the senior floorwalker.

"These are deep waters, Hoskins," said the manager.

"May we not continue with socks?" said Hoskins, pleading. "Is there anything offensive about darned mushrooms?"

"Who can say?" said the manager. He himself had felt a ripple in the tins at the snarl of bus tyres in the rain, and knew he was on borrowed time.

"What about coloured tights?" said a saleslady.

There was a sharp intake of general breath. They looked at her. She had been off with flu for a week, and these were material times. A man who had been slowly cleaning a counter, and strolled over. Beneath his brown coat he wore black trousers, which ended in shiny black boots. These were allowed in certain cases.

"Excuse me, madame," he said. "Did you say 'tights'? Did you, furthermore, say 'coloured'?"

She nodded.

"I must ask you," said the cleaner, "to accompany me to Vine Street Police Station."

The manager watched her go, maniacal, and turned out the lights.

"I UNDERSTAND," said the Chief Super-

intendent, "that you recently watched a lady in handcuffs for some three minutes."

"That's right," said the manager, "but no buts," said the Chief Superintendent, who then informed the manager of his rights, kicked him in the crotch, and whisked up the van.

"THAT prisoner," said PC Corkfaring, who was on the Vine Street charge book that morning, "was holding his crotch, Sarge."

"This is very serious, Corkfaring," said the Sergeant. "People can't go around saying 'crotch'. Can't never tell who it might offend."

And he put PC Corkfaring on Suspended Duty.

"I'M H S mother," said Mrs Corkfaring. The Sergeant looked at her.

"You do not need to stress the point, madame," he said. "I know how b*bies are b*rn."

"How do you do that?" said Mrs Corkfaring.

"How do I do what?"

"Talk in asterisks," said the Sergeant. "We have a civic duty you know. Now, about your s*rr?"

"He's very upset about being suspended," she said. "Does it mean he can't wear his uniform?"

"That's right."

"But he loves his uniform."

"Oh dear," The Sergeant sighed, and licked his pencil and. "You shouldn't have said that, madame. You're only making matters worse."

"LICKING a pencil end?" said the Chief Constable of Wessex, chairman of the Disciplinary Committee. "Licking a pencil end?"

"It was voluntary, sir," said the Sergeant.

"So much the worse for that," said the Chief Constable. "Strip off his stripes, Inspector."

The Hon. Fenella Strives-Greebling, JP, who was on the bench, gave a small shriek and covered her eyes.

"Not here, Inspector," barked the Chief Constable of Wessex. "Go and do it somewhere private."



accepted by the public at large'

DID HE by love," exclaimed Strives-Greebling.

Those very words," said his wife, still pale and trembling. "Go and do it somewhere private."

"I'll get the dogs," said her husband who always got the dogs in an emergency. It was a trick he had picked up in 1940 when the haystacks were full of French Colommites. Walk on down to old Charlie Marjoribanks. That's what an MP's for. Soon get to the bottom—

There was a strange thump. They went to the door and opened it. Outside, a chambermaid who had a new air, heaved-dropping word, as unconscious in the paragon. Strives-Greebling stepped over her, and went out.

HE WAS halfway to Marjoribanks' house when the Festival of Light mini-van drew up beside him, and a pair of press-gangs.

According to information received, you saw one, "a maid, he croaked himself, "sitting," he crossed himself again, "on the floor," he crossed himself a third time.

"Her stockings are black and she's wearing a white pinny and a little cap," said the second priest, and he croaked up, and said, "forgive me, Lord."

"Nothing to do with me," said Strives-Greebling.

It was at this point that the elder of his two wolfhounds, capt upon the younger and began bugging. "Mercies!"

"Don't look Mauricel!" screamed the taller priest.

But, for the shorter, it was already too late.

"ONE OF the naughtiest cases it has ever been my misfortune to try," said the Lord Chief Justice. "When the detective described it as an 'egg', he was not exaggerating."

"P*sh!" cried the public ga very 'D's'ing."

Ten years," said the Lord Chief Justice. "Hard."

"ONE OF the naughtiest cases it has ever been my misfortune to try," said the Lord Chancellor, laying aside the Hatchtower Law Report (it was the only newspaper's bill in existence from which he had been quoting. "You see a lot of these cases then, Wagstaff?"

"I do indeed, my Lord," said the LC.

Not making a habit of it, are you, Wagstaff?" said the Lord Chancellor.

"I don't think so, my Lord," said the LC.

The Lord Chancellor sighed.

"What about a sabbatical, Wagstaff?" he said. "Get away from it all."

But, for how long, my Lord?

For good, Wagstaff.

It had been a hard day, with a heavy lunch. As kind as he could, the Lord Chancellor stepped upon his footback and broke wind.

It echoed in the empty House, as the Lord Chief Justice trudged wretchedly out.

BUT, IN the House, Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Parliament, what can I do but require you resignation?"

"Nothing," muttered the broken jurist, not moving.

Big Ben attics, the windows in Number Ten, Eighty-one in St Paul's, reverberated. There was a knock at the door. The Prime Minister's manservant tiptoed discreetly in.

"I have laid out your dinner clothes upon the bed, Prime Minister," he murmured.

The Lord Chancellor glanced up. "Put on the buff silk shirt, will you, the 'Jiffies,'" said the manservant. "It sets off your tan so well, Prime Minister."

SHE watched from her black-draped dais as the tumbler trundled up Tower Hill, with the plump, bronzed figure lurching on the back, hands bound.

"I blame myself," said the Queen. "I was the kissing of hands that started it, assuredly. Without that first wrong foot, who can tell," she said, "to what heights he might not have risen? To what lengths he might not have gone?"

"For God's sake," said her husband, "keep your voice down!"

VIRGIN SPERM DANCER

The Virgin Sperm Dancer by Bill Levy.
Photographs by Ginger Gordon.
Published by Be & Bakker n.v. Netherlands

BY Bill Butler

Here's yet another book to disprove the old theory that you can take a Whitehouse anywhere. You won't want to drag Mary along to your favourite dirty book shop to have a look at Virgin Sperm Dancer since she doesn't like it. And what she doesn't like she writes letters about. For everybody's good. Let's not tell her.

So much for twoness. It's just that I can already see what will be the trouble in this very pleasant book with people like Mary Whitehouse on the one side anathemising it as the greatest piece of porn since Sodom and Gomorrah. And the Kenneth Tynan's of this world on the other who will have to, in some kind of self-defence, hail it as *great art*. It isn't either.

Virgin Sperm Dancer is an experimental novel with about the simplest plot you can imagine. One morning a boy wakes up to find out that he has, during the night, turned into a girl. So he spends the day finding out how the other half lives. That night, having well and truly tried a bit of the other, he turns back into a boy, having discovered the joys of being on the bottom for a change. Fair enough.

essay which in some places is direct one-for-one exposition and in others comments on the action as for instance page 6 which is a camp reference to silent movies is, after a silent movies that we are all about. Other pages, 11 for example are totally sexual, sensuous in their intent. And very beautiful. On page 29 the "girl" is having it off with an electric light pole. Until you see it you can only imagine the situation as humorous or exaggerated, but in black and white it makes a sort of down to earth sense, aided by the V/W in the left background and the a supporting expression on the face of the middle-aged Amsterdam lady waiting down the sidewalk.

The Orgy Scene. I guess every porn book has to somewhere have an orgy. Cecil B deMille, you have a lot to answer for. Or is there really a deep-seated need for orgies? Orgies for the masses. Orgies at Masses. Begins on page 53, a girl as part of a three-way scene with two gay guys. So she's off in a corner of the bed thinking about it all, fantasizing, pictures of loneliness, text of masturbation dreams. Incredibly done. Leads into the grand orgy, just about everybody who's been in the

book up to now getting it together.

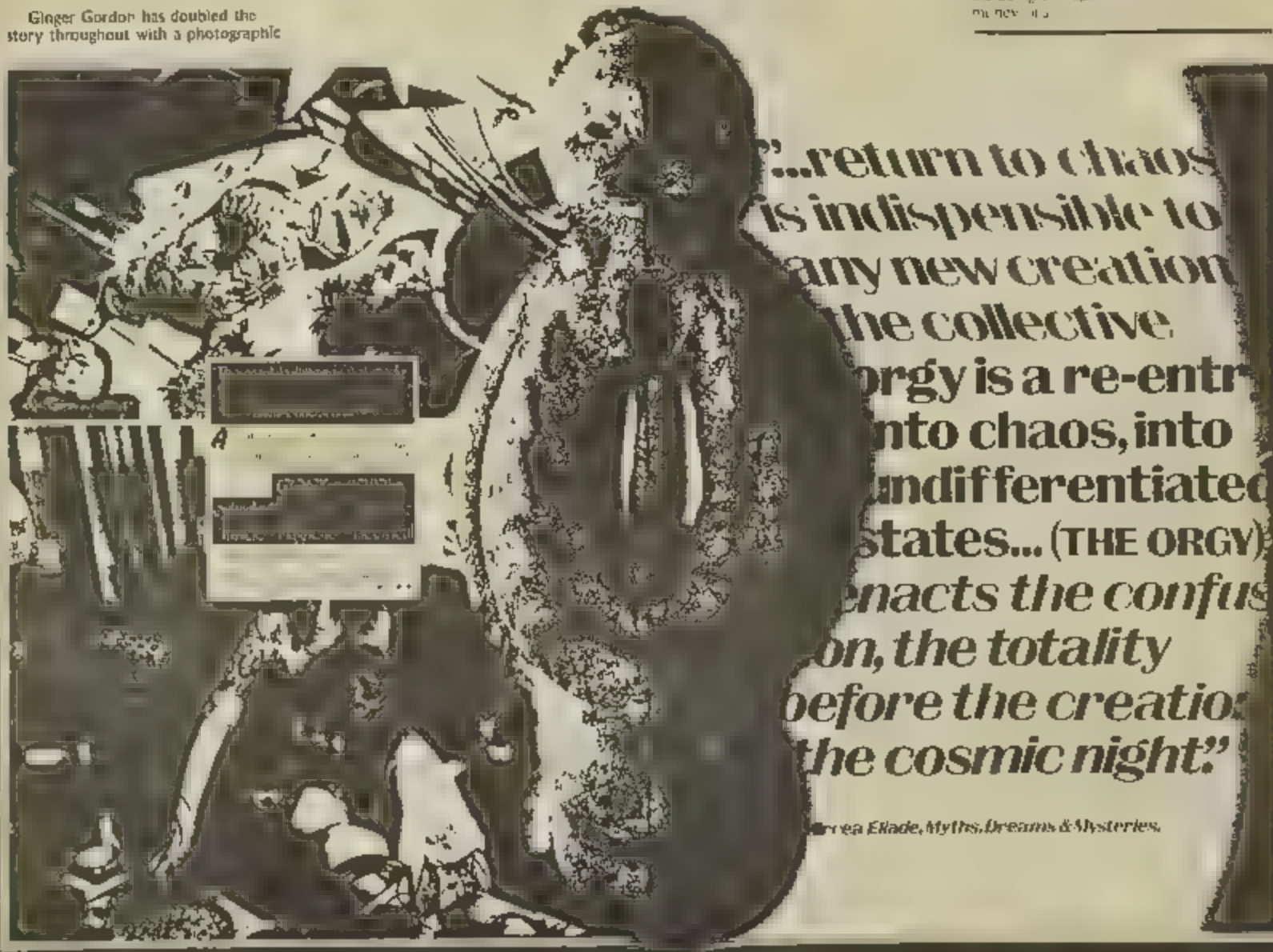
Virgin Sperm Dancer is published as a special issue of *Suck*, the European sexpaper which has got on Bill Levy banned in the U.K. He's an editor of the paper and an American citizen so hoot *Suck* has so infuriated Scotland Yard (they seek him here they seek him there, those Limeys seek him everywhere) who can't stop it coming into the U.K. that he was stopped at Customs a few years back and prohibited as an import. Levy they may have stopped in England; but he's alive and well in Holland as issues 1 through 6 of *Suck* testify. And of course, Virgin Sperm Dancer.

What will especially irritate the establishment (Mary in all her Gothic glory) is that he doesn't take sex seriously. He thinks it should be fun, done often, done well. Which will suit neither literary trendies... who think of it as something for consideration at Nobel Prizegivings... nor the Festering Light Brigade... who don't like it, it's nasty, and why doesn't it go away?

takes guys to stand up in the middle and take it from both sides. Which is, of course, just what Bill has tried to do in this book. Write from a man's point of view how it feels to be a girl. So at the end of the day, you've got some idea, a better idea than you started with. It's all worked out in pictures for you which is itself a pretty good idea since it's come to be a time when a lot of people never read anything if they can help it... comics, pictures, just enough text to help the thing along. Virgin Sperm Dancer is in this state, Marvel Comics and overtone of William Burroughs. Which is where we have all been for some years now working through it and on out the other side into all of the possibilities of the news papers, television, movies, snapshots, sex. This is the news. It always was the news.

Virgin Sperm Dancer isn't the greatest, it won't deprave and corrupt you. It will probably not be available in England at your Government approved porn merchant in Soho. (Those guys know where it's at, and it's not at anything that doesn't take it seriously.) But you'll be able to buy it, none the less, in England. Or direct from the author c/o Suck Publications, Postbus 2180, Amsterdam. Price about £4.00 including postage by air mail from the Netherlands.

Ginger Gordon has doubled the story throughout with a photographic



...return to chaos
is indispensable to
any new creation
the collective
orgy is a re-entr
into chaos, into
undifferentiated
states... (THE ORGY)
enacts the confus
on, the totality
before the creation
the cosmic night."

Marcel Elade, *Myths, Dreams & Mysteries*.

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED YOUR POOR
YOUR Huddled Masses Yearning to Breathe Free
REFUGE OF YOUR TEMING SHORE
SEND THESE THE HOMELESS TEMPEST TOSSED TO ME
I LIFT UP MY LAMP BESIDE THE COLDEN SHORE.



Flying Saucers, Beans, & Band-Aids

BY Joy Farran

Country Cooking & First Aid

Your country cooking is obviously very much a matter of personal preference and circumstance. How long? Where? Why? Do you want to cook anything or simply nibble at high energy foods?

A stove, though it does save on the firewood and provide a fairly even and dependable heat, is none the less an added burden. A small single burner which can cook one dish at a time is probably adequate for most needs. Remember a stove must be sheltered from the wind.

There are a great many lightweight camping cooking sets for sale, unfortunately for health freaks most of them are made of aluminum. Anyway do you really need all those dishes? Paper plates are reasonably cheap and easily burnt—unfortunately they are not easy to hold, nor do they retain heat. Perhaps the best solution is a good large mug. Soup, stew, pudding and drink can all be easily handled as each dish is ready. If you really can't stand the idea of drinking your tea from the same cup as your soup you might invest in a couple of polythene bowls. You don't need fancy meals, what you do need is something hot, tasty, nutritious and energy-giving. Like an honest to goodness stew or thick soup, add dumplings if you like.

Always clean your dishes thoroughly. Hikers' tummy is no fun at all. Remember to plan your meal so that it can be eaten and cleaned up before dark.

A thin sheet of plastic is useful for working and mixing purposes. Easily washed and folded afterwards to be carried from one place to another, other uses include a dining cloth and waterproof wrapping.

Don't overload yourself with food. Except under unusual circumstances you can generally find a place to buy food en route. But make up your packets of basics, e.g. cereals, coffee, sugar. Label them to avoid unnecessary opening. Lard, margarine, etc. travel well in tightly closed tins. Food canned for everything except the first day should be tight and not likely to spoilage whatever the weather.

A standard food kit might include some or all of the following: flour, baking powder, baking soda (first aid uses as well), dry yeast, sugar, cereals (rice and oatmeal or muesli), bacon, butter, salt, powdered milk, dried fruits and vegetables. A little honey, jam or peanut butter. Cheese, coffee or teabags, soup cubes, dry soup mixes, pepper, some spices (your own favourites), chocolate.

Perishables: take some oranges and apples, a couple of potatoes to bake, carefully wrapped fresh meat for your first night out, a couple of cans of tinned meat are worth taking in order to make up a quick stew. Cheese keeps well if properly wrapped. Crackers can be substituted for bread if you hesitate to attempt making your own at the campsite. Soufflé cubes make an easy broth if you are tired or need a quick hot drink.

Basic recipe for backwoods bread (for 1, 1 cup flour, ¼ tsp salt, 1 tsp baking

powder. Mix the ingredients dry. Have your hands floured and everything ready before you add liquid. The frying pan should be warm and greased. Working quickly stir in enough cold water to make a firm dough. Shape this with as little handling as possible, into a cake about an inch thick. Dust lightly with flour. Lay the cake in the warm pan, hold it over the heat until a bottom crust forms, rotating the pan a little so the loaf will not stick. Once the dough has hardened enough to hold together turn the cake over. When a crust has formed all around you can turn the bread a few more times to brown it. Cake is ready when it sounds hollow when tapped. Takes about 15 minutes.

Dumplings (for 2)

2 cups flour, 2 tbsps marg or butter, 2 tsp baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 tsp salt. About 12 minutes before mealtime mix the flour, baking powder and salt. Work in your fat. Make a bowl-like hollow in the centre. Have everything ready to go as the dumplings take 8-10 minutes to cook and should be served immediately. Have the stew simmering above enough meats and other solids so that the dumplings will not sink below the surface. Now pour the milk (made from powdered milk if you like) into the well in the dry ingredients. Mix quickly and gently with a folding rather than a stirring action. Moisten a large spoon in the broth. Use it to place large spoonfuls, apart from one another on top of the stew. Cover tightly. After several minutes you can, if you like, turn each dumpling carefully and quickly. Re-cover immediately and continue to simmer till light and fluffy.

Hash

Chop cooked meat with an equal amount of boiled potatoes. Add salt and pepper to taste and part or all of the following: chopped onion, fresh or powdered celery, and parsley flakes. Moisten the mixture with soup stock, bouillon, thin milk or water. Spread thickly on a greased pan. Set over a low heat for 20 minutes until the bottom of the hash is well browned.

Nettles and dandelions (and many other herbs) can be used in soups and stews. Nettles contain health-giving salts. Cook as for spinach. Don't eat them when they have gone to seed.

Nettle tea

One quart of boiling water poured into five large handfuls of the young tops and left to infuse for several hours. Protect the hands when gathering.

Sample day's menu

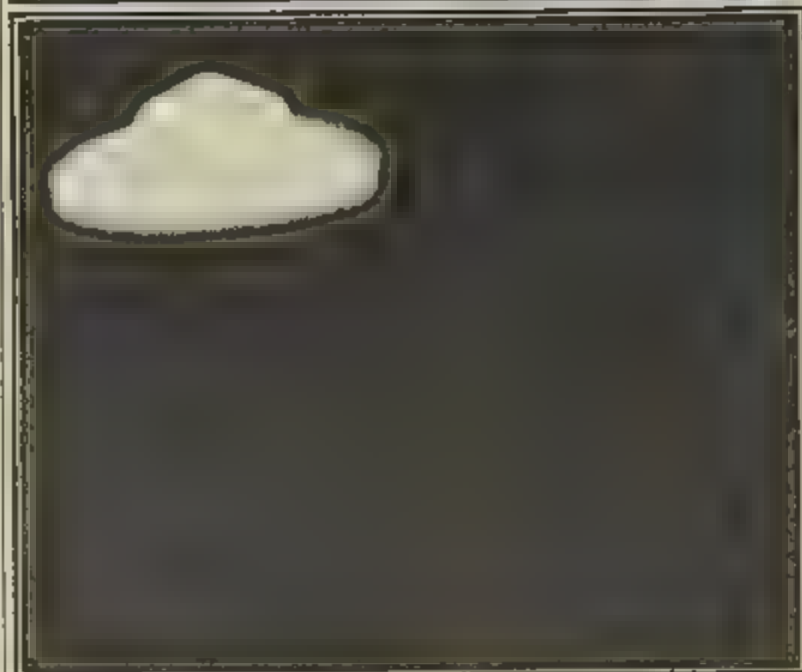
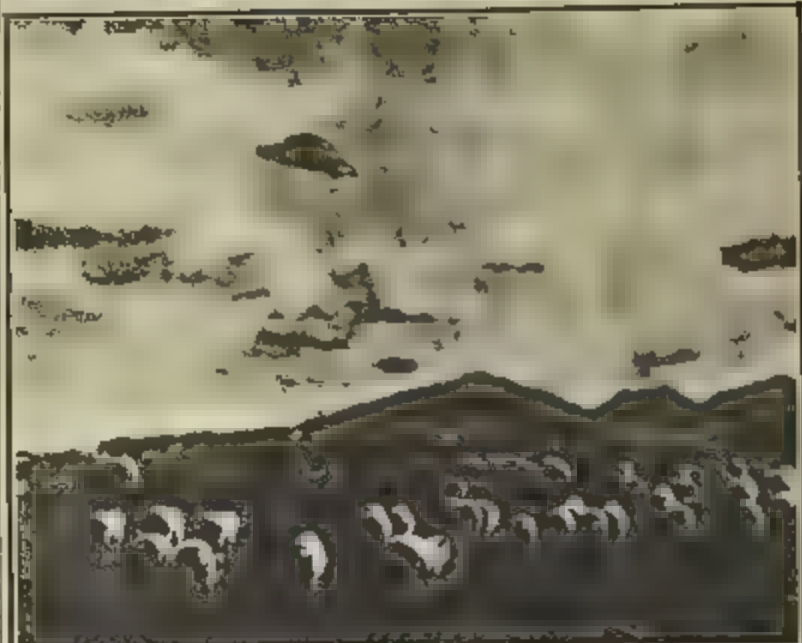
Breadfast: muesli with milk and sugar sherpa tea (hot, strong and sweet) or coffee.

Lunch: cheese, butter, jam, salted crackers, chocolate, raisins, nuts, lemonade.

Dinner: Instant soup, beef stew, dried fruit, tea or coffee.

A man of average weight needs at least two quarts of water a day to maintain his bodywater supply. More in hot weather. Even a mountain stream may not be safe to drink from, and it's not true that anything your dog eats is safe for you.

The best way to be sure of safe water is to boil it for between 1 and 5 minutes. Boiled water tastes flat as the air has been driven from it by heat. Air



and taste can be restored by pouring the cooled water back and forth between two utensils. Or, you can add a pinch of salt. It is possible to buy water-purifying tablets, even so boiling is the more dependable method.

Drink whenever you are thirsty. A good thirst quencher is to suck a prune or carry a bit of raw onion in the mouth (this also helps to stop your lips cracking in dusty areas). Other people may swear by chewing gum or pebbles in the mouth. All these methods may ease your thirst temporarily but will have no effect on your body's need for water.

You should always carry a small first aid kit with you.

Again first aid kits are sold in shops but it is probably better to make up your own.

A small metal or plastic container can hold all your pills—Aspirin, Vitamins C and B (in high potency doses) and others. Take a few individually wrapped adhesive bandages. These are useful for small wounds, blisters, even some repair jobs where tight binding is necessary.

A first aid guide and some antiseptic for cuts and scratches are always useful and other oddments can be added to your personal taste.

If you are stung by a wasp or a bee try and get the sting out with tweezers or by prying carefully with the flame-sterilized tip of a needle or knife. Run cold water over it and comfort with a piece of soap for a bee sting or vinegar or lemon for a wasp's.

To stop bleeding: (i) press directly with fingers (unless steel, rock, wood

embedded) (ii) press on pad (handkerchief) to make blood stop. Don't remove the pad but add more on top if blood seeps through, (iii) if necessary raise bleeding part of body.

Burns should be cooled with cold water. Keep burns dry and clean with anything handy (handkerchief). Don't use ointments or grease lotions. Don't prick blisters. Take off circulation restrictors (e.g. tie, belt, shoes). Always reassure the burnt person who may be suffering from shock. Many people have died after injuries from untreated shock. Shock weakens the body. Increasing pain, exposure and exhaustion.

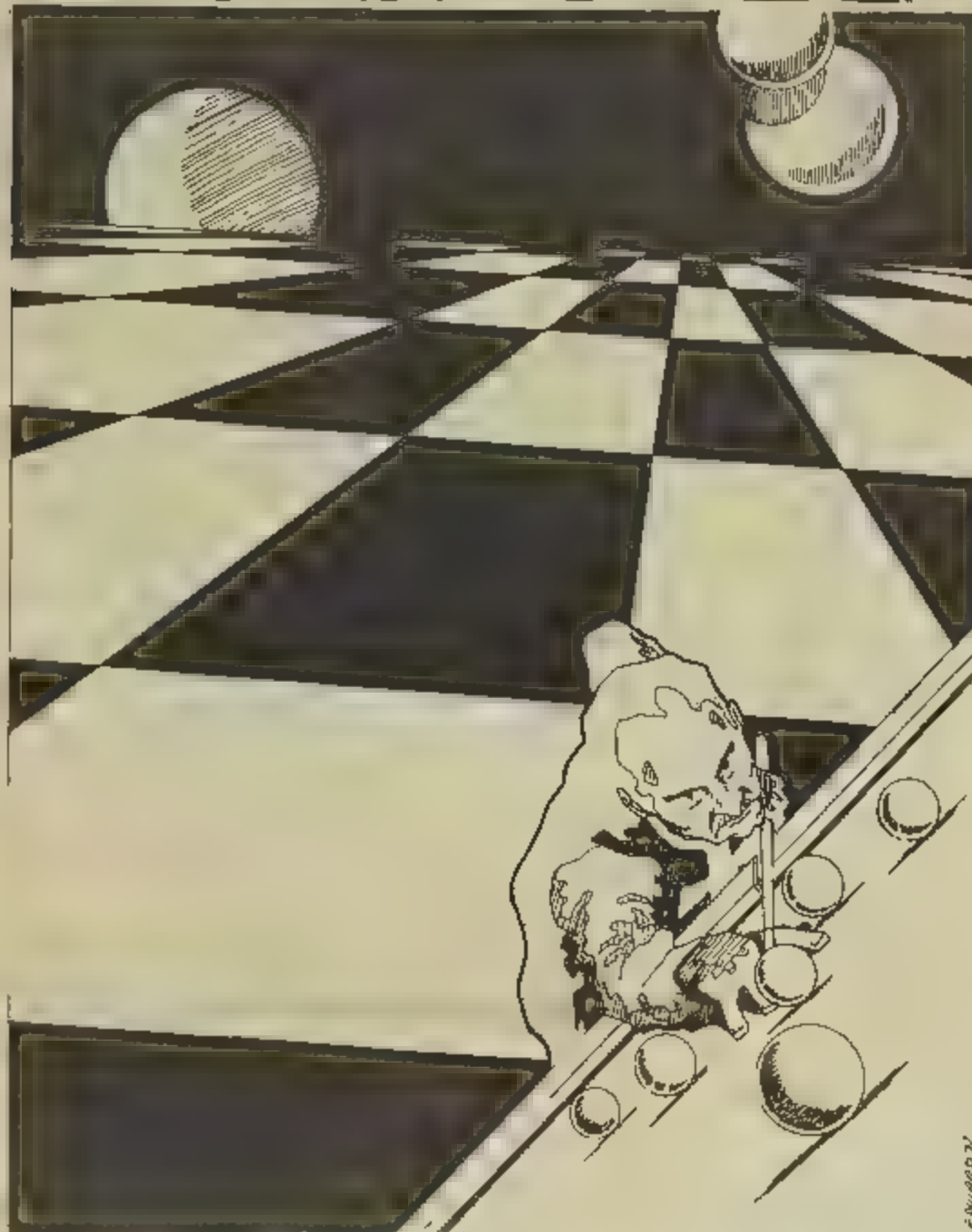
To treat shock (i) find shelter from rain, wind, etc. lie the patient down comfortably and slightly raise their feet, (ii) loosen tight clothing (but don't let them get cold), (iii) get the patient warm with extra clothing or covering—but don't let them get hot enough to start sweating, (iv) give the patient something hot to drink (unless internal bleeding is suspected) (v) avoid noise and panic and reassure the patient.

The bite of an ant or other insect can be eased with baking soda plus water paste. Cover with a wet cloth when swelling.

If you are going off alone always make sure that someone has some idea where you will be following or where you are heading.

And finally, if you happen to wander into a flying saucer in your wild ramblings the recommended procedure is: (i) to avoid rapid forceful movements, (ii) use no shrill sounds, (iii) breathe quietly and (iv) avoid giving a direct menacing gaze.

mo the roller



BY Mick Farren

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW how I got this here fancy coat? So buy me a drink, sit down, get comfortable and I'll tell you.

Of course, I've had it a long time. They don't make things like this any more, it's not the same these days, now everything's becoming stable again. I guess life's better most, these days, but you don't get the great stuff. Take a look at the workman ship. That only happened during the crazy years.

You look too young to remember those times. The upheaval, and the years that followed. Wild times those were. You couldn't count on any kind of reality.

But getting back to the coat. It wasn't always mine, like it wasn't made for me. A lot of guys wore it for a while but lost it, but I wound up with it, and some said the coat had a mind of its own. It was made for a guy named Lonesome Billy who came in from the edge wearing it. But he got fussed, and it fell into the hands of a fella called Rough Murph. Then he was lost in a warp, and nobody saw the coat until it was found among the stuff that Old Doc left behind when he died. It went through the hands of maybe a dozen people until Mo the Roller won it in a game of anti-up.

It never struck me at first that I really wanted to own the jacket. It was only when I'd seen Mo walking around in it for a while that I began to feel that it ought to be mine.

Now I wasn't like some of the boys back in those days, I knew men who'd shoot a fella if they took a fancy to his coat or boots. I wasn't like that, though. If I was going to score that coat, I was going to do it fair and square.

First thing I did was to try and trade with Mo for it, but he wasn't having any. Even though I offered him a new alphabet and twenty zone markers, he turned me down flat. After that I played him at anti-up in the hope of winning it off him, but after I'd lost my twenty markers, I shooed the alphabet over

my shoulder and quit.

The next thing I tried was to hire some good ol' boys to lift the jacket while Mo the Roller slept, but he woke up and shot two of them. The rest ran away and still I didn't have the jacket.

To tell you the truth, round about the time those boys came back empty handed I began to despair of ever getting my hands on this here splendid garment. I'd sit around in the same bar as Mo the Roller for most of the day just looking with envy at that fine, fine coat. It was too much, I just started to go to pieces. Then the pool truck rolled in.

YOU DON'T SEE POOL TRUCKS now gravity and the law of motion and what have you are just about settled back to normal, but in those days, when you were never sure which direction things might fall, let alone bounce or roll, a pool truck was the only place you could shoot a game. Of course, it was field pool, which is a mite different from straight, traditional, gravity pool, but only in details.

This particular truck was only a ninety footer, and carried just one table, not much compared to the big five hundreds with six tables and a cocktail lounge, but it was okay.

Of course you got to remember that most of the space in a pool truck is taken up with the stasis generation, which is what makes the balls behave something like they're supposed to, and the power scoops that drive the whole thing. On this particular one there was enough room for a table, a bar plus a couple of hookers, and small as it might be it sure was a fine sight, with its chrome body reflecting its neon flashers and the crew in their yellow suits and shades sitting up there in the cabin looking, you know, cool.

Directly I saw the pool truck come gliding by it struck me. I knew Mo was the anti-up king, and that

he was pretty good at pitch'n'twist, twelve card whookee, and even blind seven's, but I'd never heard of him to play pool.

Now round this time, I fancied myself as kind of nifty with a pool cue, and the idea took hold of me that maybe I could win the coat from Mo in a game of field pool, or even-plate snooker. I halled down the captain and after a bit of haggling I chartered the truck for a set of games, on pay-by-the-day winner-pays. Then I had him drive me over to the bar, and I walked right in and challenged ol' Mo.

Now ol' Mo the Roller was never one to turn down a challenge. No way. He followed me right back, out of the bar and into the truck. Once we were inside the captain sealed the ports and took off.

After a few inkip, twists and shudders, the field became real smooth, with the floor definitely being the direction of down.

Out the window, you could see that chequered plain. That's what they always look like. A chequered flat plain, stretching to the horizon.

A LOT OF PEOPLE these days think that tripeforms were mean and hostile, but the truth was that if you left them alone, they'd leave you alone. The only thing you had to watch out for was a disrupter coming by.

Anyhow, after a bit of experimental walking about Mo and I got down to playing.

The first game was for real chicken stakes, you know, half a marker and deliberately I played real sloppy. But bad as I was, Mo played even worse and I won the half. I didn't believe he could really be that bad.

The second game he played better, but I still won. I began to get real confident. I let Mo win a couple of games and gradually pushed up the stakes.

It was just getting into real money when the captain announced we had to strap ourselves in, on account of how he was moving out. Seems our field had attracted a disrupter and it was ripping across the control zone, straight towards us.

So anyway, we strapped ourselves down, the captain slammed the truck into drive and we high-tailed it out of there.

It took a while to find the next zone that we could set down in. We had to go through the Fringes, the Sodomak sector, which I can tell you, was a place I always kept well clear of. Inside the truck we were okay, of course, but on the outside it was bad. Those shifting fields could tear a body clean to half while folks stood around and laughed.

Those folks in Sodomak were something else, too. From the truck window you could see women driving chariots hooked to teams of maybe a dozen naked men, wielding long whips so the men screamed as they ran. You'd see the same with men driving women, and I even caught a glance of one of their mass hangings, tiers and tiers of folks choking and kicking while the crowd screamed for more. They were even selling post cards of it.

I've met folks who took sightseeing trips round the Fringes, but I couldn't get out of there fast enough.

After a lot of searching around the captain found us another zone and cut in the field. One of the hookers raked up the balls and Mo and I fell to playing again.

IT SEEMED THAT SOMEHOW the shift had spoiled Mo's game, because he took a beating. He lost eight games straight, but each time he seemed anxious to up the stakes to try and get his money back, yet each time he lost.

By the start of the ninth game, I'd taken over a hundred markers off him, and still he wanted to play. Trouble was, I'd just about cleaned him out. Old Mo doesn't know what to do until I suggest casual like, that he play for the coat.

"The coat," he says, "I don't know about that."

"Tell you what," I say, "I'll put a round two hundred down against your coat."

Mo the Roller thinks about this for a while, then shrugs.

"Two hundred against my coat, all on one game. Okay, you got a bet."

So we start playing, and straight away I realize that at the time Mo has been playing me for a sucker. He was shooting pool like an ace. I couldn't do a thing, he had me cleaned out after three breaks. I'd lost my money, and I'd lost the coat.

How do I come to have the coat, you ask?

Well, as luck would have it, I'm standing there, feeling kind of down in the mouth, when the alarm sounds. It's another disrupter coming for our field. A real big mother, this time, and fast. The captain did his best to get us away, but before he could pick up speed, it's overtaken us, and we've been sucked in.

There are no words to describe what it's like going through a disrupter, so I'm not even going to try.

Eventually I wake up on this flat plain. There's no sign of Mo, the captain, the hookers. I'm just lying there, all alone and bare-ass naked, and a little way off is Mo the Roller's coat, only there's no Mo inside it.

I never did find out what happened to Mo and the rest of them. I expect they got rearranged and ended up in one of those other places, but that's the story of how I got this here coat.

I got the feeling it's time for another drink.



The flickering box called television has (had?) the latent potential for being the ultimate informational, even educational medium yet devised by the most building homo sapien. Another potential of the box has been institutionalized, that is, a medium for disseminating subjective information or outright propaganda. Since 1939 the potentials have been emphatically rats, people and chimpanzees: the works. The most fearful of the potentials remained outside the realm of speculation, and only occasionally is it mentioned: its potential to become a mind deadening, highly addictive narcotic which works directly on the central nervous system—cerebral cortex—where the medical people, the head shrinkers, and some other scientists believe that the process of association takes place. It's too bad, for the "Bib Bro's" and the educators suffer so badly in their efforts because the box has simply degenerated into a drug: just as crippling—pathogenic—as any of the opiates, or the toxic cocktails that can be purchased over the counter-like weight pills, and booze by the gallon. It is just as highly addictive a downer as "Reds", and the other sleepers.

In describing how the drug acts upon the central nervous system—cerebral cortex—I like to use the analogy of masturbation. *Masturbation of the Cerebral Cortex.* The old "grey massaged and manipulated like putty in the hands of some television mama in the sky. After prolonged usage the victim is rendered a helpless mental cripple incapable of making any independent associations. Some people call it an "escape mechanism" like acid and megalin. Just think of all those folks who have to get that "Peyton Place" fix, or take a mainline waltz down

"Coronation Street" which are widely separated hybrids of some kind of universal garden variety of drug. Unlike sexual masturbation—or—auto-manipulation of the sexual organs, there is no activity or involvement necessary on the part of the beneficiary in order to achieve a climax unless occasionally lifting a beverage mug or changing channels could be considered involvement. Just a flick of the switch by a well practiced wrist, and off we go to Vietnam, America, or the Moon. We can journey even further than this. We can go the Caribbean Isles and join the plastic asset actors from "Peyton Place" while they enjoy our vacation in the privacy of our nests.

A picture can be worth more than a thousand words, but when it's a contiguity picture capable of recording, portraying—actions and events from beginning to conclusion the picture can be worth more than a million words. The dramatic presentations usually begin with —The grisly murder by the jilted lover—even in socially aware England—or some other criminal activity like smuggling, and then these so called characters meander about until they reach this part called the "Climax" the high point of masturbation—after which a conclusion is drawn for you like *Don't go into crime unless you can top these buddies in all around "Baddiology."*—or—It is better to have joves and to have lost than never to have used your brand of toothpaste, hair cream or political ideologies at all. Some people who have not yet shed a tear over anyone's sons and daughters in Vietnam, Ireland or right on their own block will break down and cry funkier assed "Lassie" or "Love Stories 1-2-3 and 4

group whose message can't be understood in the absence of the studio borthon of

any programme on which they appear" but in the fifth dimension of the box—receiver as a medium can only be understood in the absence of the sound, I like the way the action on the screen seems to fit right into place with the music from my favourite albums, or just about any music that's on. This is a real challenge to someone desiring to seek awareness, and end their dependency on television. The habit can be kicked "Cold Turk."

When you float into the fifth dimension—preferably stoned or freaked—you are treading over unknown territory. If you go there straight, it is alien territory which is further away. The first reaction of someone not ready for it is "Oh, turn it off", or "What the hell is it without the sound?" or "Cutting or hedging on someone's narcotics with tea leaves, or the great Methadone vs. Smack controversy. If the audio goes out there is an urgency to get the rectifiers rectified, and get the box back in 'shape' as a silent sentinel reminding one that he or she will have to make yet another sacrificial offering of their monetary funds in the name of Telly.

All of a sudden your attention becomes intently focused on what's happening on the screen and not what the voices in dialogue, monotonous-logue, or narrative suggest is going on. That plastic Romeo, or Heroine) fades to a transparent nothingness in a vacuum of grey which provides a background. The distinctive lighter grey—parts of the whole become perceivable. You have to grope and grasp to figure it all out, but you've seen the same plot or theme with so many different actors that you find you already know what's happening—the same old bullshit. The old grey matter goes to action making associations from experiences and memory, forced to haul out the "Cob webby" potentials for conceptualization, hypothesizing, analysing, and synthesizing. Here you go extrapolating, speculating, inferring and concluding for yourself without the soothing-guiding hand of the masseuse-urborator. Life is but a poor player who struts and smears his hour before the cameras and is heard no more until tomorrow evening, same channel, same station. The same old shit. The continuing regurgitation of "Cocktail Hour", but look! there in the political arena we find Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, Edward Heath, and Bernadette with a supporting cast of millions in a big showdown over something. There goes somebody being dragged down a 311 steps of The Monument. Feel first. God what a bloody sight. OOH. OUCH then the viewer can't resist. He has to plug in the sound. The commentator in progress—goes on "and these violent demonstrations have had to be dealt with rather severely by 'the authorities' because of the threat to public safety they represent" then there is always the follow up consisting of a recorded film clip of "The Minister"—Of course we cannot help but to wholeheartedly

agree that something must be done, but, by using these violent sit ins as a means cannot be condoned, now WE at the Ministry are doing all that is within our authority to ...

The Minister has imposed or inferred a involvement, an

polluters, etc. Then he goes on to reassure everyone watching that the situation will soon pass—in the face of enough repressive violence. Then you catch the interview show (Sound out) about "Demonstrations Incorporated" and other criminals. You watch the sincere, dedicated Minister as he goes through his pithy, as you listen to tape recordings of some of the biggest and best used car dealers in America like "Ole Honest Abe Hebe" from Whittier. The same bullshit. As they fire their questions the camera pans to the "Irate Student" and the Minister groping with his hands, and becoming visibly upset as quick-witted "Irate" or "Pissed Off" socks it to him. As a rule, the moderator or host has to step in and salvage the Minister (who's make-up is running) by reminding "Ira" that he's only got one question. The camera pans back and forth between the three of them at random for a few seconds, then you see the finger of the moderator or host point out, towards the student as his tips begin to move. After rocking back and forth for a few seconds "Irate"—really pissed off at having been sidestepped—jumps to his seat like the wind has been knocked out of him. Then the Minister can afford to try and smile again, but with a slight twitch now.

There is a sixth dimension of the box, but no singing group by that name as yet. All of the research has been done, and now the television receiver can be used as a camera, like any speaker can be a microphone. In my homeland—the quaint colony of America—you can get a goddamned television when you can't afford to eat. There is no credit food. Just imagine it when some day they say that a television receiver is mandatory as an item of furniture in every home, and some big beefo like "Big Brother" or Lord Longford says "Smile motherfucker, you've been on Candid Camera for six months now."

Right Off, Ed Cotton, 59 Pretoriusstraat, IV, Amsterdam

Right On, Ed but what you're talking about in your letter is

I've come to the stage where we actually can do something. I'll be doing regular 'Klicks' and your comments would be welcome. Gordian Troeller, IT.

Klick

SMALLS

Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (company) and 5p per word (individuals) Box numbers 50p extra. Ads for pads are free. Send your ad, together with cheque/PO made out to Bloom (Publications) Ltd, to JOY, IT, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF to reach us not later than 8 days before date of publication.

PERSONAL

WANT a girl to check-up with intelligent and kind guy in beautiful pad in East Sheen

GAY guys! Nude boys magazine ET lists SAE. Johnny. BM/F8GH, London WC1V 6XX

MALE physique studio. Send SAE for lists of mag and photos. M.P.S., 104a Boundary Road, London NW6

WANT a girl to check-up with intelligent and kind guy in beautiful pad in East Sheen

HEALING POWERS from 3 beautiful things music, colour, honey. Booklets on 30p (plus 5p). Flammery (private publications) 11 24, Cranbourn Street, London WC2H

WEALTHY mature chick who seeks young guy companion please write to Orchard

DEDIC: TED dropout, 29 secure isolated North Devon pad. Gentle introverted on social lifestyle. Wants girl to share, only a similar outlook. Jim Desmond South

ATTRACTIVE girls required for photography. Experience not necessary. Personal details, stipends to H Marber 247 Waldegrave Road, Twickenham, Middx

HOME cooked vegetarian meals delivered to your pad. Headhug Food 228-3130

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PADS

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TRAVEL

WANTED: male/female companions for Richard Oliver 26 Dillons Road, Creech St Michael, Taunton, Devon.

ROCK



OVAL GAS WORKS 16th September 1972

Promoting rock is always fraught with danger as the brothers Fouik found out (yet again) last Saturday afternoon. Few people expected them to lose money on a line up like Jeff Beck, Zappa and Hawkwind, but they certainly did—the factors being poor weather and expensive tickets—with the result that the green was never more than half full and the raised seating round the periphery hardly used. But as well as being a good tax loss, it was also the best music I have seen at a one-day event for a long time, and what's more you didn't have to queue for anything. I got there half way through Man's set, complete with a blue blazered male voice choir from the valleys, and their relaxed but insistent set got things off to a good start.

Jeff Beck in a teary white suit made his first British appearance with the ex-Vanilla Fudge rhythm section, Tim Bogart on bass, and drummer Carmine Appice, a line-up he first mentioned several years ago, and together they ripped out a set of fast, funky and impeccable rock 'n' roll. Beck was in good form, and ranged as far back as 'Hi Ho Silver Lining' and 'Over Under Sideways Down', and these brought a cheer from the shivering crowd beneath the grey gas works, but all the same I thought the sound was a bit thin in places, places where a bit of Max Middleton and good ol' Cozy Powell wouldn't have come amiss. After a quick encore they were gone, and we settled down to wait for night fall and the coming of the Grand Wazoo.

After a lot of messing about, mainly because the lighting was making the giant p.a. hum, the Machiavelli of rock limped forth and introduced the members of his 20 piece jazz orchestra by means of an elaborate and prolonged balance check. The crowd got interested as the 10 minute mix went on, and when they finally came together and burst into 'Big Swifty' from the 'Waka/Jawaka'

album, they had the inexorable power of a musical express-train. There is something awesome about a loud medium-size jazz orchestra roaring out into the night, and the small scruffy Zappa stood in the middle and beat out time with his Wazoo's wand like an infant-school music teacher. There was nothing infantile about the music though, he handled the complicated score and made it swing as only the composer could, particularly on a new piece 'The Adventures of Gregory Peccary' (a species of small wild pig native to South California and how he avoids being made into a pair of ladies' pigskin gloves) and added between movements that in case anyone was getting rest less there'd be a shuffle along reel soon. This appearance was a lot different from the ad-libbing insanity of Merz and Howie, but we got a flash of Mr Zappa's serious side, particularly in the passages when he played guitar. We got a rendering of what he chose to call 'Dog Meat', a medley of the King Kong theme from Uncle Meat and the 'Dog Breath Variations' one of his most evocative and haunting compositions, but sadly no 'Peaches en Regalia' which I hoped would be an ideal choice for this current medium. At the end, he hung around the stage and seemed to be disappointed at his reception, which was a shame after what happened at the Rainbow last year.

By this time, the thing was running well late but little Linda Lewis did a quick set while the Sonic Assassins set up. It was a bad place to squeeze her in, between strong stuff like Zappa and Hawkwind and she didn't come over half so well as at Bickershaw, the last big crowd I saw her facing.

Then the lights darkened, the boggies leapt to their feet as they heard Del and Dikmik's ocellie ors speeding up, and we all faced our private crises on Spaceship Earth, while the giant words 'Life Supply' and 'Functional' winked on and off in the heavens. These boys are no longer Ledbrooke Grove aristocracy but genuine wasted Sergio Leone-type pop-stars and the act has tightened up enough

to keep this together. There was a strong feeling of déjà vu about the Wind's set, a strong echo of the early Floyd, not musically but in the incredible vibes built up between an audience and the sounds they identify very strongly with. It was a shame Mr Brock and the boys piece de resistance, the firework display, had to be cancelled due to lack of time and increasing charyness by the gentled cricket club officials already marked by the bonfires blazing away the sacred turf. A shame 'cos a bonfire and fireworks scene would have been a good lift at the end of a good Oval.

MAC

BRUNSLY SCHWARZ Nervous on the Road (United Artists)

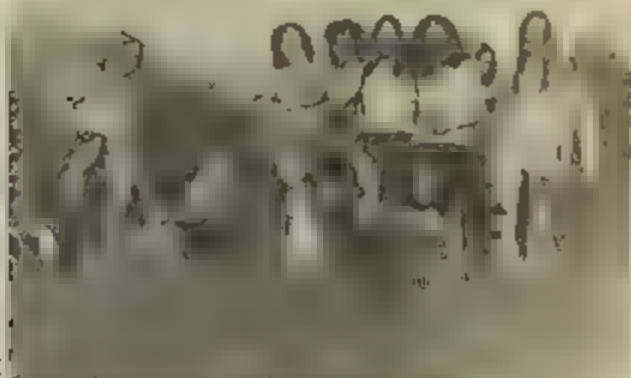
Nervous on the road? Come on, these boys always steam out that good ole rock 'n' roll at gigs, never seem nervous to me. When I saw the title I thought we'd got us a live album here, and I wish it was, 'cause Brinsleys always have the uncanny knack of making their albums sound like they were recorded in someone's front room after Sunday dinner. That's all very nice indeed excellently produced, but does not quite reflect the energy they project on stage, have you heard 'em doing 'Brown Sugar'?

The album as a whole is really relaxed if not excessively so, but contains some very beautiful harmony work e.g. the old classic 'I Like It Like That' and some very imaginative writing, e.g. 'Don't Look Your Grip On Love'. Their musical whole is getting so tight these days that I'll be bold and compare it to the Band or Grateful Dead, they are all playing so well together these days, compatible even!! And it's great to see that they've at last lived down that terrible hype. See the Brinsleys at your local benefit (they do lots 'a good work yer no!) and see they're new album at your local wax shop. I don't think they should sing about Greyhound buses just yet though!

DAVE 'BOSS' GOODMAN

YES Closer to the Edge (Atlantic)

Yes this is a nice band, and a beautiful album. It succeeds primarily because it is so infinitely varied. Rick Wakeman's full choral organ, punctuated by moments of introspective vocals by John Anderson. It would be hard to start making comparisons, there is something of Crimson, something of the Wives. Yet it is by and large simply the best Yes album. As an opera, *Closer to the Edge* emerges high above any other attempt at a choral pop



symphony. An opera, a symphony who cares. It makes a whole, which hangs together on threads. Threads, lines of musical thought bombarded with feelings strung out taught, responding to thoughts and emotions with sensuous vibrations of tingling sounds. *Closer to the Edge* is a never ending staircase which leads to sensory bliss, spiralling high above the clouds, overhanging a continuous cliff-top.

For me, only one other album has come anywhere near *Closer to the Edge*: and that was Van der Graaf Generator's track 'Lighthousekeepers' on Pawn Hearts, but Yes go a whole lot further their music is that of space age fantasmagoria. Without ever descending to an obvious level. The wholeness of the compositions is nearly

Incidental, and just as beautiful.

If you only buy one album this year make it 'Closer to the Edge' Yes.

GORDIAN.

THE MUSCLE DOES THE BRISTOL STOMP

Down from the darkest outbacks that surround the old tobacco part of Bristol, England, comes what one might loosely classify as a beat group. Going under the unlikely name of 'The Muscle' these boys are gaining a following throughout the country mainly playing as support band to Hawkwind. Indeed it has been said not only are they supporting but are being supported by young girls who travel miles to Hawkwind concerts with intentions of belling Dave Brock but always seem to end up in the Muscle's dressing room, buying them drinks drugs petrol and putting them up for the night, which is no mean feat cause there's about twelve of 'em.

In the great tradition of the British underground rock band, they don't earn much money, they support a large family they take drugs, they play thousands of benefits, they have trouble getting a record deal, they don't get press coverage, they take more drugs, they ball, they sometimes get the clap, they like Hawkwind but take the micky out of Doug Smith, they drink stuff, they are mad. Rumour has it that this band of demented drugsters once played a sellout tour of Australia and have since donned the following names, 1st Bruce-rhythm guitar and vocals, Jimmie Bruce—lead guitar Bruce Bruce—bass. Honey Bruce

Langtree—drums, Brian Biles—Australian composer and conge drums, and Wayne B Bruce Master electricians.

Do they look good? Huh! Do they move well? Boy, these boys shake their asses like nothin' you girls has ever seen, inson, moody, compelling. God they're shit hot, and when the manager and spokesman for the group, Bob Whitfield, says they're shit hot then you'd better believe it.

This band needs more work, more money, more drugs and more chicks. If you can help Bob would love to hear from you! 2 Royal York Crescent, Clifton, Bristol. Phone Bristol 36134.

'These boys is in to everything' says Dikmik of Hawkwind.

DAVE 'BOSS' GOODMAN.

Chicago's reputation of being, among other things, a blues town, has been so firmly established for so long that the blues dilettante visiting the city for the first time could be sadly disillusioned with the current scene.

Certainly the club scene has contracted since the heyday of the 50s when the small neighbourhood bars of the West and South sides rocked to the music of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf or Elmore James, and the harsh accents of the Mississippi blues echoed far into the night. The clubs were famous, there was the Zanzibar on the West Side where Muddy played, or Sylvia's where Wolf and Elmore held regular gigs while on the South side the 708 Club was a favourite with the musicians because the band was behind the bar and safe from assault by overzealous or drunken customers. Way down in South Chicago was the Jamboree where Jimmy Reed first got his start and out in Phoenix, Illinois, a new black suburb, the colonial White Rose Lounge featured J & Leroy's rocking brand of blues. Later on there was Cadillac Baby's Show Lounge on Dearborn, and Smitty Corner on Indiana Avenue was to become famous as the regular home of Muddy Waters band. Then through the 60s the best known blues joints must have been Sylvia's and, on the South side, Theresa's Tavern and Pepper's lounge.

But what of today? The premises of the 708 Club are still there and so is Theresa's but its bar renewal has claimed nearly all the clubs from the 50s. Gas Stations, parking lots or just the plain heaps of rubble which scar the black districts are all that remain where the clubs once stood. Sylvia's burned down and Johnny Pepper moved his club to Michigan Avenue near the loop to escape the street gangs which threatened his customers and his business. In the New Peppers the music is provided in the main by soul bands.

Most of the action is on the West side and out of fourteen blues joints listed in the Chicago Reader, a free paper six were on the West side, five were white with Theresa's and The Clock Corner the only South side clubs. The white clubs on the North side cater for a young college audience. They are safe and easy to get to and expensive. The Post, on N. Cleveland in old town, a district astonishingly like Chelsea charges \$2.50 entrance and beer at 50c. These aren't the only drawbacks for the atmosphere is about as lively as a dentist's surgery. To be fair there were problems when was there. Sunnyland Slim's band was playing, or rather supposed to play. The drummer was drunk at the bar his drums in Mississippi. Jimmy Dawkins, sitting in on guitar for that night in fact, sat out steadfastly refusing to play without a drummer, while the bass guitarist had a bum amplifier. Only Sunnyland, real old pro that he is, and Carey Bell (who would play for ever for the sheer joy of it) were trying to get it together. Carey is now the best harp player in Chicago, bar no one, but not even he could overcome the situation.

However Dawkins cheered up and drove over to the Riviera, a black bar on the West side and in fact the new Sylvia's to

hear guitarist Mighty Joe Young. The band is large by South side standards including two horns and a trumpet, and the music is of the West side, the sound an uneasy amalgam of blues and jazz, modern, loud and aggressive. Dawkins himself plays at Marbo's, a small bar on W. Madison, and the next night, with a drummer, sax and second guitarist, Jimmy was excited, quickly dispelling memories of an unhappy night at the 708 Club. The bar was packed and like most West side joints not especially friendly. Andre 'Big Voice' Odom was singing with the band which concentrated on BB King or Magic Sam numbers or Freddy King-type instrumentals.

The block along Madison is Big Duke's Blue Flame Lounge (Duke also has the Flamingo, another blues joint on Roosevelt Road) where Howlin' Wolf plays week-ends. Of all the name artists Wolf is the only one left with a regular base in Chicago.

It's a huge barn of a place with a large room for the bar, and, adjoining, a bigger room with handstand, dance spots and tables. By the time I got there Wolf had finished his sets and the band took over with Detroit Jr. handling the vocals. Two serious heart attacks don't seem to have slowed Wolf down and in fact he was touring Arkansas and Mississippi the next week. Also on tour was Muddy doing a punishing series of one-nighters and time and time again the artists assured me there was no real work or money in Chicago. Shakey Horton, Eddie Taylor and Floyd Jones weren't working and hadn't had a gig for ages. Horton's recovering from a bullet wound in his chest and had no money for the prescription and Eddie has six kids to feed. Floyd was off to Mississippi and Arkansas to play small juke joints he'd first played in thirty years ago, while Eddie with Carey Bell and singer Jimmy Burns were scheduled for a one-nighter in Cleveland, Mississippi.

Some of the older blues men now get dates at the white rock/folk clubs like Raymia's Backlot, Wine Roots and The Post, whereas previously they played throughout the South side. Theresa's has Muddy Waters Jr. and Jr. Wells and Buddy Guy drop in when they are in town. This friendly base ment Tavern is a perennial favourite with visiting blues fans and some nights the faces are more white than black. Most of the black clubs are amazing friendly places with a loose, living atmosphere to which a dozen or so serious, coke-drinking American or Continental blues freaks contribute nothing. It's all a far cry from the great fat lady in Florence's who, pouring herself a Scotch mixed the glass. She turned and grinned at me confiding, 'I can pee straight through, honey!'

The music often doesn't stand up to studios listening but is perfect for drinking, dancing and generally having a good time and nowhere is this more evident than at Florence's at 54th and S. Shields Place. The only club open Sunday afternoon, it's packed solid and is one gloriously friendly, drunken bar. This is Howard Dog Taylor's regular gig but everybody sits in and he a ternates

CHICAGO BLUES

BY Mike Rowe.

Mike Rowe spent 2 months in Chicago this summer, not by any means his first visit—he has a book 'Chicago Breakdown' due to be published next year.



Maxwell St. Jimmy turned after the street he plays guitar in.

A streetgig in Chicago's West side.

sets with Lefty Diz. The music is loud and full, us, the customers get happy and everybody is welcome. You sit at the bar and get involved in every conversation going, when you see out into the sunlight you feel you've been in a real blues club.

One new blues bar appeared and promised to become the mecca for most of the bluesmen in Chicago. This was Club Motown at 53rd and Ashland, and a big evening was scheduled, sponsored by disc-jockey Gene Clay with Mound Dog, Johnny Little John, Sunayland, and Homelick James among others. But on my last night in Chicago Sunayland's group played one set and were paid off with barely the car-fare home. It all seemed horribly prophetic but there is still one place left where blues men gather and play for a

public—the Maxwell Street market area, where they all started. There are usually a couple of gospel groups, one led by Jimmy Brewer, Blind Arvilla Grey playing 'John Henry' on his steel National and a couple of amateurish blues bands amid the stalls of secondhand furniture, used clothing, down-home cooking and assorted junk. The musicians are little known and, apart from Maxwell Street Jimmy generally inept.

But Chicago continually confounds those who would write an obituary for its blues. This is not meant to be one, for the scene is constantly shifting, clubs close, new clubs open and singers come and go. However tough the struggle is, the singers will go on trying. Music and the blues is their life and they know no other.

...reviews...

JUNIOR WELLS
In My Younger Days
(Red Lightnin' RL 007)

Starting with his first ever out, featuring among others Louis Miles (gtr) and Fred Below (drums) in '53, this moves chronologically (or almost so) to '82, the eve of his short retirement, the end of his apprenticeship on small labels. Although hitting the big time hereafter, these were the days of his career moulding, when he built up the style and following of his own. His vocals and harp have an intensity and depth of feeling that is often lacking on later recordings.

Compare the recent Delmark album, South Side Blues Jam which is very good, but watered down compared to this. These are the basic formulae, forged out of himself, lean and hungry and which were often picked up again and again in 1965-72 and reworked with different lyrics or emphasis. Taped from the original 45's, although only used, these do suffer slightly in reproduction, but noticeable really only on the opening track, 'Cut That Out', the rest strangely are enhanced, giving a truer sense of them as originally conceived, a result of the raw influence of Chicago. The Windy City's streets and bars where music has to be tight, urgent and loud to be heard above the noisy competition or the drink ng, no unnecessary trills or subtlety.

Wells often fails to maintain high standards on recording sessions, but these are cut as among his best. Certainly no bummers or even troughs, just a lung string of consistent highs, with no track head and shoulders over the others.

The first personnel: sat remain on the opening seven numbers, all recorded '53 (presumably), the first change comes on 'I Could Cry (last track first side) Syl Johnson comes on on guitar Willie Dixon (of course) bass and Eugene Lounge drums. The jump of four years of '57 is noticeable in the fuller sound, and the introduction of organ (but who plays this?). A strange track in that Johnson seems around the halfway to be playing a different tune. This and the opening two on the other side are from the same session but you would never guess. A mark of his talent, switching from straight blues to a mixture of blues and latin

beat (Cha Cha Cha In Blues—with cowbell! n' all), to Rock 'n' Roll (Loving Doves Lonely One). Out of all, these are the most interesting group. On Little By Little, Earl Hooker assumes guitar, stays through to the end, his own style is an influence on Wells, and the cuts from here on are clearer somehow, and so obviously of a later date. Universal Rock tears the piece apart, as an instrumental with Hooker's axe biting so deep it hurts, saxos waxing, and Wells playing punctuating harp, (but who is on organ!).

Mossin. With 'The Kid from the same session is one of his best known numbers, but this is his original version. And Elmore's It Hurts Me Too gets more than a capable handling. Chicago is a great town for producing bluesmen. Wells is a great blues man. This is a cross section of some of his greatest work. Pick up on where the City's present generation of harp players (Butterfield, Musselwhite, etc.) got it all from. And feel the intensity of the real blues post war on a master album.

MICHAEL J.

BO DIDDLEY
Bo Diddley's Golden Decade
(Chess 6310 123)

See, I used to run this little club in Bark n', called the '231' it was in the back room of a boppar that had memorabilia with naked tits, worn smooth by a thousand drunken hands, outside. Every Tuesday night, fortified with Brown Ale and Drinamy! we would boogie with the Downers Sect, the High Numbers, Georgie Fame and Chris Farlow. In between the two sets (for which the bands got £20 to £60) (used to play records I played a lot was Elias McDaniel, that's right the Gunslinger that Diddley daddy. Bo Diddley.

Diddley is one of the prime sources of rock, one of the great innovators. Where the complex riff that's his trade mark came from, God only knows. It sprang fully grown on Bo Diddley with no apparent precursors, a complete organic rocking whole. It didn't take long for this perfect riff to get ripped off, the Stones laid it on a Buddy Holly song and Paul McCartney

away their first act. Bo speak well of the Rolling Stones, but then he'd better had n' he. These days he's a bit older and the most interesting group. On Little By Little, Earl Hooker assumes guitar, stays through to the end, his own style is an influence on Wells, and the cuts from here on are clearer somehow, and so obviously of a later date. Universal Rock tears the piece apart, as an instrumental with Hooker's axe biting so deep it hurts, saxos waxing, and Wells playing punctuating harp, (but who is on organ!).

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STEVE SPARKES.

FREDDIE KING
Texas Cannonball
(A & M)

Freddie King and the Winter brothers are the two best things to have come out of Texas, that said and uptight state, since the

Lone Ranger and Tonto. Out of the middle stream of Chicago-style blues players. Not just his two nicknames, of course, who are now indisputably in the world class, man like Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Howlin' Wolf, Junior Wells, etc., who have all made some heavy contributions to the sound accepted as electric blues.

Freddie seems to me to be the one most likely to make it on the rock scene. In fact the rock and roll he is bringing out on the Shelter label, in company with Mr Leon Russell, is not as far removed stylistically as some of his earlier forays into the music of the moment, just more dynamic. Remember 'Freddie King Goes Surfin' No? Oh well 'Texas Cannonball' his second release with Leon Russell, is a consistent and proficient album but get the feeling that of Leon has been given a little too much leeway on the arrangements. I Leon plays on your album, it's great, but if

he takes over your album, it's a bit of a no-no. There are highs like Lowell Fulson's 'Flamboyant Baby' and Isaac Hayes' beautiful 'Can't Trust Your Neighbour' but on the whole it just whet my appetite for the first one, the brilliant 'Getting Ready' which is mainly everyone else's best numbers. But don't with such feel and care that it's completely unforgettable.

If you don't have any Freddie King albums, start with 'Getting Ready' (A & M) and if you're into 'Hideaway' 'Steppin' Out' and 'Heva You Ever Loved A Woman' get the strong and beautiful 'Freddie King-His Early Years' on Polydor's Juke series, before getting this one. It's a retrospective album of the best of his rare 50s work, including much of 'Freddie King Sings' on the King label, unobtainable in this country for several years now.

MAC

DISCOGRAPHY:

- Genesis (Chess 6641 047). A 4-LP set with book etc. 66 tracks of vintage Chicago blues by Muddy Waters & Co for EB)
- Blues Piano - Chicago Plus (Atlantic K 40404)
- George Butler-Wild Child (Polydor 2941 006)
- Buddy Guy and Junior Wells-Play The Blues (Atlantic K 40240)
- Washboard Sam-Feeling Lowdown, RCA-Victor SF 8274.
- Johnny Little John and his Blues Stars-Transatlantic Anthology F 1043
- Johnny Young and Big Walter-Chicago Blues (Transatlantic/Blues Classics BC -8)
- Junior Wells - My Younger Days (Red Lightnin' RL 007)
- Mighty Joe Young-Blues With a Touch of Soul (Delmark DS 629).
- Freddie King-His Early Years (Polydor 2843 047)
- Junior Parker-Blue Shadows Falling (RCA/Groove Merchant GM 502)
- Sunny Boy (Williamson No. 1) Vol 2 (Transatlantic/Blues Classics BC 20)

Cadillac Baby—he owns a record label of the same name (PhotoMike Rowe)

BOOKS



THE DIARIES OF FRANZ KAFKA edited by Max Brod (Penguin Modern Classics £1)

Penguin must be the student's friends. They put out so many superb books in cheap editions. This particular book will be seized upon with glee by the many Kafka addicts in this world.

Franz Kafka died in 1923 at the age of 40. The diaries cover the years between 1910 and 1923. The editor is the man who was left all Kafka's papers with instructions to destroy them. He did not.

Kafka, for me, is one of the world's great writers. He has a particular appeal to young people, his strange, often awkward novels seem to reflect their despair at a world's apparently self-satisfied and so obviously deeply corrupt. Kafka's greatest novels were published after his death, *The Trial* in 1925 and *The Castle* in 1926. His books are both frightening and uplifting, black and shining white. The diaries add a new dimension to the life story of Franz Kafka, they are a curious mixture of everyday events, stories, notes and dreams. Strangely pleasing, sometimes horrifying, almost always sad.

TO DEPRAVE & CORRUPT PORNOGRAPHY ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS Ann Burns (Davis-Poynter Ltd £2.25 hard back and £1.60 paperback)

This book is a distillation of the Working Committee Reports to the United States Congress Commission on Obscenity and Pornography created by President Johnson in October 1967 to study the traffic in and the effect of obscene and pornographic materials.

It recommended that all laws prohibiting the sale, exhibition or distribution of sexual materials to consenting adults should be repealed. President Nixon shelved the whole report. This is a very important book and we would have gladly taken up the publisher's offer to permit use of the material however the day I received the review copy was the day the Nasty Tales defendants visited their lawyer, and the lawyer kept the review copy. But please do try and look at a copy of this book if you care about freedom. The original report was 7 volumes, Ann Burns has reduced it to a workable 80,000 words.

And another book on obscenity. This time from your old favourites The Olympus Press. Called *The Obscenity Report* and priced at 50p this covers the same subject and the same report as the above book. Just as important. A very interesting and relevant introduction by John Trevelyan. I believe that both these books were released to coincide approximately, with the release of Lord Longford's report. Hopefully they will help throw some glimmer of sanity onto the whole ridiculous problem. But no doubt the Longford Puritans will make more noise.

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS (A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream) by Hunter S Thompson (Penguin 40p)

You may have read this in *Rolling Stone*. If so, you will need no urging to rush out and buy the paperback. If, by some strange mischance like

you were in India at the time, you have neither read nor heard about this epic voyage, then a few tempting words are in order.

Rabbi Duke and his attorney set out to attend an American Police Convention. We never learn how they managed to get invited and they don't seem to know. Naturally they have stocked up on drugs for the occasion. "Two bags of grass 75 pellets of mescaline, 5 sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-coloured uppers, downers, screamers, laughers. Also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and 2 dozen amyls." Now read on - it's a very funny book.

Hunter S Thompson is already notorious for his book on the American Hell's Angels and his almost successful political campaign at Aspen.

THE ABZ OF PORNOGRAPHY edited by Richard Michael with illustrations (Panther 50p)

Another book on pornography and the lightest yet. Also known as "Everything you wanted to know about pornography (but were scared to ask)." Well almost everything. It's tongue-in-cheek to that currently popular subject is quite a welcome change (five books published in the last month or so). There is an extensive section on Lord Longford giving, amongst other things, his phone no., address, schools, heritage and Eton contemporaries. Useful as a quick guide to who's who and what's what in the Porn World.

THE WITCHCRAFT READER edited by Peter Haining (Pan 30p)

Eight stories, all by excellent writers (Richard Matheson, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Black, Fritz Leiber, Keith Roberts, John Brunner, Ray Bradbury and AE Van Vogt). All the stories are reprints, ranging from 1942 to 1966, but not all of them are well known. A very well selected collection, perfect for a dull evening. More for sci-fi addicts than would-be witches.

JOY FARRER



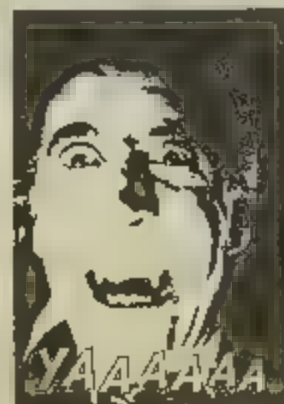
FILMS

DR PHIBES RISES AGAIN

The 1950s and the 1960s saw the emergence of the theatre of the absurd. Dr Phibes must be the absurd's apogee in the cinema medium.

Phibes movies exist on that level. Quite apart from the absurdity and humour of the plot, there is an underlying despair which stems particularly from the decadence of the doctor Robert Fuest's direction and his inspiration of the sets clearly underline the irony of Phibes' search for eternal life (for him and his dead mistress) when his life-style is very similar to death. Coupled with his disregard for human lives which cross his path, the dichotomy transforms a banal piece of stone into an artistic beautiful sculpture.

Any faulting of Phibes must come in the area of the banal



stone, the plot, storyline. Such is the paucity of the object that at moments it even manages to stretch Fuest's artistry to its limit, and he only just manages to hold the audience by the sheer breathtaking togetherness of his visuals. Every shot is perfectly composed, yet somehow sometimes the action within the frame lacks precision.

The cast act through this brilliant absurd piece as if they're enjoying every minute. No wonder 'cos Dr Phibes Rises Again is a very fine piece of camp cinema.

GORDIAN TROELER

THE HARDER THEY COME Notting Hill Gaumont

A new version of the age-old story of the young man or whatever living out his ambition to be a star. The immediate difference being that it is set in Jamaica (with sub-titles if you want 'em!) and that it has a pleasant mixture of drugs, sex and violence which, if you read your *Daily Bitch* is what the kids crave for.

Ivan Martin is mildly affluent after the death of his grandmother and with his money he goes to the city to become famous. Naturally he loses it all in the great consumer rip off and soon becomes just one more tramp in a big city. His mother's friend, the preacher (Ah!) befriends him and during his stay

he makes a single at the local honky studio. The honky only pays him £20 and this disaster is coupled with a revelation by the preacher that Ivan is screwing his daughter and he is turned out.

Again Ivan is on the streets and soon turns to the dope dealing business but is sold to the narks because he wasn't stupid. The narks interrupt him while he is questioning the informer's chick so he shoots three of them to show what he thinks of their thoughtlessness.

He takes off with his gun to the ghetto to shoot the guy who sold him out leaving anti-slogans (I WAS HERE) everywhere. While the search heats up his record becomes a hit and he is adopted as the local folk-hero. Unfortunately he cannot meet his public and is forced to arrange for a ship to Cuba, his ferry-boat contact is stopped and a boatload of armed troops is sent out to catch or kill him. He waits and waits for his ferry on a beautiful Caribbean island and at last sees the boat coming to pick him up. He runs out to wave and yes, you guessed it. It's the police boat, sailing over the nicest sea you've ever seen. He retreats to his trees and proceeds to shoot it out with two six-guns against fourteen Lee-Enfields. This last sequence is cut up with the



first movie he saw when he was young, in which the hero makes a stand and lots of drunken spades shout in his ear, "The hero never gets shot till da last reel, man!"

Jimmy Cliff plays Ivan and the single he records during the movie is *The Harder They Come*.

Also at the Gaumont is PASS OF ARMS

which describes how in medieval times it was necessary to fight to the death for the right to cross certain guarded fords and strategic points. The long laborious fight with its many breaks and rests is the main portion of the film with macabre bleeding wounds shots at scattered intervals. The climax of the film is two very gory combatants lying clasped together near to death, the camera closing in to reveal that they wear the same ring on their hands.

There is no dialogue but Sandy Denny sings what is blandly described as a signature tune, which is suitably haunting for the theme of the film.

CHRIS L. URCA

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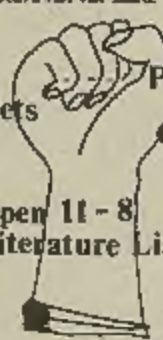
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it

Dear Mac.

Ok you bastards, the faine'll

do the gig for Nasty Take out the
(the Harrow Inn?) Abley Wood again

is it. Who's Cameled for fuck's sake?

Took says he wants to play but you know
him, if he turns up he probably won't
be able to make it to the Stage. Sorry

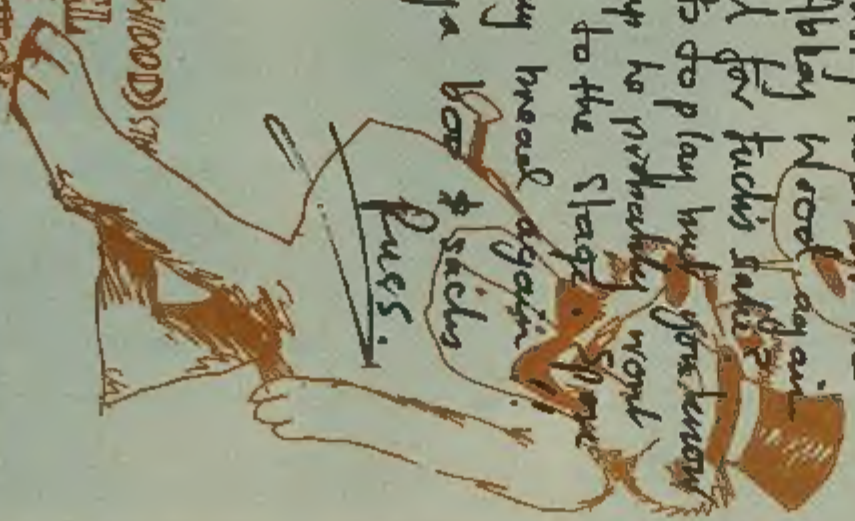
we won't get any more again.

you bastards

Pues.

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